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No. 4

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School Entertainments

No. 4.

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Recitations, Dialogues, Concert Recitations,
Drills, Charades, Etc.

MUCH OF WHICH WAS WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY
FOR THIS WORK

BY

H. D. CASTLE

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY
CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

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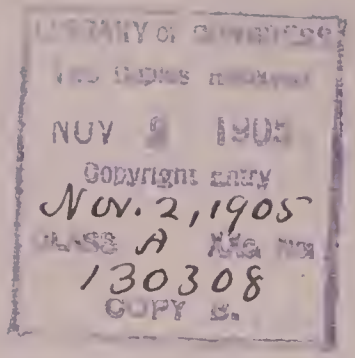

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CASTLE'S SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENTS

No. 4.

RECITATIONS FOR PRIMARY GRADES

EASTER EGGS

For a Small Boy.

My papa says the rabbits lay
  The eggs, so bright and gay,
Those perfectly just splendid ones
  We find on Easter Day.
He said I'd better mention it
  To some wise bunny, though,
That I would like to have some,
  Or perhaps they wouldn't know.
I looked for that wise bunny
  Down in the pasture lot,
The garden and the orchard

And almost every spot.
I found him in the orchard,
Just squatting down, one day:
I raised my hat, politely,
And was just a going to say,
"Sir, will you bring some Easter eggs?
And please to make them gay:.
Those red, green, striped and spotted ones
You cunning rabbits lay—"
When, don't you think, that rabbit
Just up and ran away!
His cotton tail went bobbing
At every jump he'd make.
S'pose the cotton is to line the nest
So Easter eggs won't break.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

A PIECE

They say that I must speak a piece.
So listen, for a minute.
I speak for a big piece of pie
With lots of raisins in it.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

THE BRIDE

Little girl wears ladies' white apron for veil. Carries large bouquet, "bows head low and speaks very slow."

My big sister May
Got married one day,
And this is the way
She held her boquet.

She wore her veil so
And bent her head low,
And speaked very slow,
'Cause why? I don't know.

WORK AND PLAY

The boys were waiting in the road
For Joe to come and play;
"We'd like to know what keeps you so,"
Impatiently cried they;
"We've waited nearly half an hour.
Do hurry, Joe," they cried.
"I'll be there—when my work is done;
Not till then," he replied.

"Come on, come on, the work can wait,"
They urged, "till by and by."
"It might, of course, but I don't think
It will," was his reply.

"When I've a task to do, I like
To do it right away;
Work first, my father says, then fun;
And what he says, I say."

Hurrah for Joe! Such talk as that
Is what I like to hear,
But many boys will not agree
With Joe and me, I fear.
Play first, and last, and all the time
Would suit most boys, I know;
But that, I'm very glad to say,
Is not the way with Joe.

When you've a task to do, my boys,
Don't put it off, and say
You'll do it, when you've had your fun;
But do it right away.
This "putting off" soon forms, my lads,
A habit to deplore;
Who promptly does his work enjoys
His pleasure all the more.

—Eben E. Rexford, in Golden Days.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT

Pa he sat down on ma's old hat—
Pa's big around and wide and fat—
And when he saw what he had done
He rose and seemed to want to run,
But ma, she grabbed it with a smile
And said: "Land sakes! It's just the style."

WATCH THE CORNERS

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.

Then take this simple rime,
Remember it in time,

It's always dreary weather in countryside or town
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.

Then take this little rime,
Remember all the time,

There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

—*Lulu Linton.*

AN OLD-TIME FAVORITE

I do not want a puppy-dog, although I know they're nice,
For my papa can romp with me in ways that quite suffice.

He'll bark just like a St. Bernard, and like a mastiff growl,
And you would feel like laughing when he imitates its howl.

I do not want a pussy-cat. I like cats pretty well,
But daddy beats them all, and plays better than I can tell.
He'll purr and siss like anything; his miauing you should hear.
It makes more noise than any cat, and oh, I shake with fear.

I do not want a pony small. Of course they're lots of fun,
But what's the use of ponies when your my dear daddy's son?
He takes me on his shoulders broad, or puts me on his knees,
And sets me off a-galloping as madly as you please.

In short I don't want anything as long as daddy's here.
He's pretty much of everything, and don't get out of gear.
And best of all the things boys have, I'm sure you'll find it true,
There's nothing like a daddy that will always play with you!

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

TOSSING FOR IT

Jim Jolly met a bull one day—
He said, "Say Mr. Bull,
Shall I go out to-day and play,
Or shall I go to school?"
The bull looked wise, and thought a bit;
And then he said, "Let's toss for it!"
So far into the air he tossed—
And this was how Jim Jolly lost.
When he got down, he thanked the bull
And ever after went to school.

LITTLE LOU

Very Neat Little Boy.

"Don't wash my face!" begged little Lou.
"It hurts where pussy scratched it—oo!
"Don't wash my hands; they're chapped, you know.
I cut that finger, too—oh! oh!
"Don't brush my hair!" sobbed little Lou.
"I bumped my head to-day—boohoo!
"Oh, please do stop!—that hurts! dear me!"
But—this is how he came to tea.

—*Francis E. Clark.*

WHAT UNCLE WILLIE THINKS

Such foolishness I never saw
As lately has come over maw,
An' almos bad as her, my paw,
But worse of all's my brother-'n-law!
I hast to keep as still's a mouse
When I go down to sister's house,
Er else I'll wake that "preshus dove"
The kid that I'm the uncle of!

He jus' arrived last week one day—
I'd lief as not he'd stayed away
Till I got big, 'cause now, ye see,
The figs an' things Sis buys for me
Why, he'll git big enough to eat!
Maw says: "Now, Willie, ain't he sweet?"
I wonder if they 'spect I'll love
That kid, that I'm the uncle of?

He never says a thing but "goo!"
Jes' think—an' he's my neffew, too!
An' once they gave me him to hold—
They act as tho they think he's gold!
He ain't my style I'd have 'em know.
An' nex' time I'll just tell 'em so,
When off on me they try too shove
That kid that I'm the uncle of!

—*Roy F. Green, in The National Magazine.*

WARNING

My papa tells me, if I pout
And keep my lips "all sticking out,"
They'll freeze that way some day, and then
They never will unfreeze again.

So, boys and girls, you'd better try
To be as full of fun as I;
Then, if your face should freeze and stay,
Your folks would love you anyway.

—*St. Nicholas.*

WHAT CAN I DO ABOUT IT?

Can you find a heartache somewhere, do you know a soul that's sad?
Then hasten, little children, use speed to make them glad.
For there's always cares and sorrow, alas! we cannot doubt it,
And this is what we all should ask—what can I do about it?

For it isn't always big things that make the world seem bright,
And that cause the happy feelings when the day turns into night;
A trifle often makes us glad we were drear without it—
And this is what we all should ask—what can I do about it?

Don't wait, dear little children, for chances grand and
great.
For they may never happen, so again I say don't wait;
Say every kindly word you can, yes, whisper, sing, or
shout it,
For this is what we all should ask—what can I do
about it? —*Ethel Maude Colson.*

MATHEMATICS

Four times two, or one plus one,
These are easy sums.
The first means all my fingers,
The second all my thumbs.

But ten times two! Now there's a sum
Not every person knows.
To find the answer, here's the rule:
Count fingers, thumbs and toes.

—*Thomas Tapper.*

AN ILL WIND THAT BLEW SOMEBODY GOOD

When little Tom went out to sail,
He leaned too far across the rail,
And dropped his precious glasses!
He saw them sink, but never knew
That, sitting far beneath the blue,
Where wave the long sea-grasses,

There wept a little fish, because
He could not go to school, he was
So dreadfully near-sighted!
When looking up, through tears that rose,
He caught those glasses upon his nose,
And wasn't he delighted!

He clapped his little fins for glee
That so much better he could see.
And now, fulfilled his wishes,
His little heart is light and gay,
For off he went that very day
And joined a school of fishes!

WELL FOUNDED

Jessie is a sweet girl, Jessie is a dear,
Jessie came to my house to see if I was here.
I went to Jessie's house, but she wasn't there,
So we looked for each other almost ev'rywhere.
At last I founded Jessie, and Jessie founded me
And we sat down together as happy as could be.

—Elizabeth B. Brownell.

BEHIND THE TIMES

Some people say the papers
Have all the latest news,
But Ethel's got a golf cape,
And I've got tennis shoes

And balls, a net and racket—
They came to us to-day
From Uncle Bob in Boston.
And yet our fam'ly say
That in those sixteen pages,
Printed so close and fine,
There's not one single mention
Of Ethel's gift or mine!

—*Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.*

LITTLE BOY BLUE

"Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,"
Johnnie is cross to-day.
"The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,"
Come help us drive them away.

The cows and the sheep are the naughty thoughts,
That wander through Johnnie's heart,
Little Boy Blue is the conscience that keeps
A watch on these thoughts as they start.

"Where is the boy that watches the sheep?"
Johnnie is cross to-day.
"He's under the haystack, fast asleep"—
Come, wake him up, I say!

—*E. A. Matthews.*

QUERY

When comp'ny comes to visit us
We allus makes a lot o' fuss,
An' uses our bestes' china set
An' solid silver forks, you bet!
An' nothing is too nice to bake—
Not custard pie ner angel-cake!
It's jest becuz they're 'round! But say,
Why ain't we jes' as good as they?

Ma she puts on her dustly dress,
An' pa shaves twict a day, I guess,
An' shines his shoes, an' I mus' wear
My Sunday red tie everywhere!
We're all polite as we can be,
An' no one's cross er putcheky.
It's diff'rent when they've gone away—
But ain't we jes' as good as they?

I don't see why the comp'ny is
So better'n we ourselves—gee whiz!
Er why we have to go and 'treat
Them with a lot of stuff to eat
That we don't have when they ain't here!
What makes us save it up—oh, dear!
Why don't we allus live that way?
Ain't we worth things as much as they?
—Ed. L. Sabin, in Woman's Home Companion.

A LITTLE HELPER

"My father says I'm a great helper."
Said little Miss Dorothy Gay.
"There's just only us and our Bridget,
So I have to work ev'ry day.
On Monday I help do the washing
By wiping the plates dry and bright,
On Tuesday I help Bridget iron
By folding the towels just right;
On Wednesday I help do the mending
By threading the needles up, fast,
And Thursday I help clean the silver
By counting it over at last;
And Friday I help with the sweeping
By dusting as hard as I can,
And Sat'day I 'most do the baking
By buttering every pan;
And Sunday—well, Sunday, my father
Says he doesn't actu'ly know
But he'd break right down in his sermon
At meeting if I didn't go!"

—*Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.*

FAMILY HISTORY

"Can" and "Will" are cousins, dear,
Who never trust to luck;
"Can" is the child of "Energy,"
And "Will" is the child of "Pluck."

"Can't" and "Won't" are cousins, too,
Who are always out of work;
For "Can't" is the son of "Never Try,"
And "Won't" is the son of "Shirk."

In choosing your companions, then,
Select both "Will" and "Can;"
But turn aside from "Can't" and "Won't,"
If you would be a man.

—*"Success."*

A CATNIP TEA

Miss Tabby had a visitor,
A cat of high degree,
So she issued invitations
For a 5 o'clock "Catnip Tea."

Then every cat for blocks around
(I'm sorry to confess)
Began to plan and wonder
How they really should dress!

Then on that sunny afternoon
All up and down the street
The cats came walking softly,
And, O, they looked so sweet!

Miss Fluff was dressed in snowy white,
Miss Kitty Kat in brown,
Miss Manx, tho' dressed so beautiful,
Had no tail to her gown!

The robe of Mistress Tortoise Shell
Was wonderful to see;
She told her very dearest friends
"'Twas made in gay Paree."

Miss Tabby, all in black and white,
Received her guests with ease;
She introduced them to her friend,
And tried her best to please.

The guests around the table sat
As happy as could be,
And softly purred the latest news
While they drank catnip tea.

While everything was lovely
As anything could be
A tiny little mouse stole in—
A frightened mouse was he!

Away flew guests and hostess,
Nor for one moment pause,
Soft purrs are changed to sharp "meows"
And velvet toes to claws.

Poor mousie thought his time had come,
But still he ran so fast
He left Miss Tab and friends behind
And reached his home at last.

And when he told his mother
She laughed enough to split;
She said Miss Tabbie'd be so mad
She'd have a "catnip fit!"

—*Vida A. Hamilton.*

ROBBY'S TEACHER

When Robby was at our house
I heard my grandma say,
"He has the prettiest manners
I've seen for many a day."

So then I went and asked him
What made him so polite.
I said, "I suppose somebody
Is teaching you just right."

But Robbie said there wasn't;
He said his mother's way
Is just to smile, and make him
Feel p'liter every day.

—*Elizabeth Lincoln Gould.*

FREDDY'S PROFESSIONS

When I'm a man I'd like to be
Something big and great:
An admiral who lives at sea,
Or governor of my state;

I'd like to be an engineer,
Who runs the State Express;
I'd like to be a brigadier,
And eat my meals at mess:

I'd like to keep a candy store,
Or write a book or two—
About the countries I explore
From here to Timbuktu;

And then I think it would be fine
  If I could—by and by—
Be captain on a baseball nine,
  A Sampson, or a Schley.

So now I think I ought to grow
  The quickest way I can;
For what I'd really like, you know,
  Is first to be a man.

But when I ask my Uncle James
  What he would most enjoy,
He laughs at me, and then exclaims:
  "I'd like to be a boy!"

—*Montrose J. Moses, in St. Nicholas.*

THE BOY WHO LOST HIS CLOTHES

He was a funny little boy,
  Who often lost his clothes,
And when he had his coat and tie,
  Could seldom find his hose,
And this was what we thought so queer—
  It gave us lots of fun—
He never lost the things himself,
  As you'd have thought he'd done.

No! Someone always "took" the cap
  He laid upon a chair,
And someone "stole" the very shoes
  He wanted most to wear;

He'd leave his rubbers in the hall
(This happened every day),
And when he turned his head again,
They'd vanished quite away.

But one fine night he went to sleep,
The way we always do,
And dreamed a dream that made him think
Of learning tactics new.
He dreamed that, playing hide and seek,
He climbed upon a shelf,
And when t'was time to run for "free,"
He found he'd lost himself!

"You often lose your head, my son,"
Said papa when he told,
The story sad at breakfast-time
(The while his milk grew cold),
"But still to really lose yourself
Would surely trying be,
And how you'd find yourself again
I really do not see!"

And so it really seemed as if
He'd better make a change,
For fear the dream should "happen true,"
With circumstances strange.
And now he seldom loses things,
Instead of every day,
And when he lays his garments down
They never fly away.

—*Ethel M. Colson.*

THE NEW BABY

Yes' I've got a little brother,
Never asked to have him, nuther,
But he's here.
They just went away and bought him,
And, last week the doctor brought him,
Weren't that queer?

When I heard the news from Molly,
Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly,
'Cause you see,
I s'posed I could go and get him
And then mamma, course, would let him
Play with me.

But when I had once looked at him
"Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that him?
Just that mite!"
They said "Yes." and "ain't he cunnin'?"
And I thought they must be funnin'—
He's a sight!

He's so small, it's just amazin',
And you'd think that he was blazin',
He's so red.
And his nose is like a berry,
And he's bald as Uncle Jerry
On his head.

Why, he isn't worth a brick,
All he does is cry and kick,
He can't stop.

Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—
I don't see why pa don't change him
At the shop.

Now we ve got to dress and feed him,
And we really didn't need him
More'n a frog;
Why'd they buy a baby brother
When they know I'd a good deal ruther
Have a dog?

BE SAFE

"'Tis safe," says little Johnny Lee
"To reckon every fly a bee;
And be he bee or be he fly,
'Tis surely safe to pass him by.

"I saw one day, an insect I
Supposed was just a common fly.
I caught the creature on the wing
And found that he possessed a sting.

"Since that experience I
Pass every buzzing insect by.
I think it wiser, far," said he,
"Though it be a fly, to let it be."

—Arthur J. Burdick.

SUN AND STARS

The sun had worked so hard all day
That he was tired, and went to bed:
"I'll send the youngsters out to play,
Then I shall get some peace!" he said.

So all the little stars went out,
Like good, obedient little elves,
Among the clouds to play about,
And quietly amuse themselves.

They played at "catch me if you can."
They played at "hide and seek" and "spy,"
And in the races that they ran,
They chased the clouds all round the sky.

But what the stars enjoyed the best
Was peeping down to try to see
The little children go to rest
In snow-white beds so happily!

They crept, with soft and twinkling light,
Through nurs'ry window-panes to peep,
And tried to watch all through the night
The little children fast asleep!

And when the sun, at break of day,
Awoke refreshed and rosy red,
The little stars ran up to say
How sweet the children looked in bed!

The great sun beamed: "My stars!" he said,
"I'm off as fast as I can go;
You saw the children put to bed,
But I must wake them up you know!"

THE LIGHTNING EXPRESS

Down grandmother's banister rail
Swift as the wind I slide,
I'm the engineer
That never knows fear,
And I travel far and wide.

Each time I rush up-stairs
Grandmother cries, "Don't fall!"
When, whiz! I drop
Without any stop
Between Boston and Montreal.

I hurry again to the top.
Oh, my! it is such fun,
For this is the train
That's flying from Maine
And arriving at Washington.

Once more I am off like a flash,
To carry the New York mail.
I am sure you would guess
'Tis the lightning express
On grandmother's banister rail.

—*Anna M. Pratt.*

THE CAREFUL DOLL

When Frances goes to bed at night
Her dollies all go, too;
They lie beside her very still,

And sleep the whole night through;
That is, the Paris doll and all
The other fine ones do.

But there's one old and careful doll,
Whose eyes stare open wide
All night to see no harm comes near.
She really takes a pride
In sleeplessness. "What sleep?" she says,
"I couldn't if I tried!"

—*Laura Spencer Portor.*

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON BREATHING

BREATH is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver, and our kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die while we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than a mad dog. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and nearly killed every one a fore morning.

Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeeze their diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy, so I could run, holler, and row and have a great big diagram.

GRANDPA

My grandpa says that he was once
A little boy like me.
I s'pose he was; and yet it does
Seem queer to think that he
Could ever get my jacket on,
Or shoes, or like to play
With games and toys, and race with Duke,
As I do every day.

He's come to visit us, you see.
Nurse says I must be good
And mind my manners, as a child
With such a grandpa should.
For grandpapa is straight and tall,
And very dignified;
He knows most all there is to know,
And other things beside.

So though my grandpa knows so much,
I thought that maybe boys
Were things he hadn't studied,
They make such awful noise.
But when I asked at dinner for
Another piece of pie,
I thought I saw a twinkle in
The corner of his eye.

So yesterday when they went out
And left us two alone,
I was not quite so much surprised
To find how nice he'd grown.

You should have seen us romp and run!
My! now I almost see
That p'r'aps he was, long, long ago,
A little boy like me.

—*Gertrude Morton Cannon.*

TWO DAYS AND THE WEATHER FOR MOLLIE AND JANE

'Twas a beautiful day,
With a sky so bright and a wind so gay
That you couldn't but skip as you went to school—
Yet Mollie and Jane found the day too cool.

For Mollie and Jane had quarreled, you see,
And because they couldn't, as usual, agree,
The long, lonely hours dragged slowly away,
And they thought it a "perfectly horrible day."

But just after luncheon they made up again,
And kissed, and said they were sorry, and then
The beautiful hours slipped by so fast,
It was dinner time ere they parted, at last.

Next morning it rained and the sky was dark,
But each of the two felt as gay as a lark;
So they skipped to school every step of the way,
And were sure it was a "perfectly beautiful day."

—*Ethel Maude Colson.*

A MORNING THOUGHT

I had a friend who stayed with me from early dawn
till night,
He did whatever a friend may do to make a child's
delight,
He brought me many a pleasant gift, and many a
lovely sight.

But when the sun had gone to bed, and stars came
out to play,
Without a single parting word my comrade slipped
away,
And I shall never see him more—my good friend,
Yesterday!

Soon as I saw that he was gone, I wished some words
unsaid
That spoiled his sunny morning hours, some fretful
tears unshed,
Some naughty frowns wiped all away, and smiles
put in instead.

And when I woke this morning, I felt so glad to see
Another friend, all rosy-bright, was waiting here for
me;
I mean to keep him just as gay and happy as can be!

No frowns and tears shall vex him in the little while
he'll stay,
And when the twilight comes at last, and he must run
away,
I'll bid him cheerily, "Farewell, dear, pleasant friend.
To-day!" —*Hannah G. Fernald.*

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween.
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE SQUIRREL'S ARITHMETIC

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat;
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er;
Busily thinking was he
How many nuts for his winter's store
Could he hide in the hollow tree.

He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep:
Oh, no; he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran;
"The best way to do without a doubt,
Is to gather all I can."

—*The Normal Instructor.*

FOR GRANDMA

Grandma's hair is turning white;
Once 'twas long and brown and bright;
But gray hair is sweet and right
For grandma.

Grandma's eyes are getting dim;
Give the light another trim,
Bring her glasses, read the hymn.
For grandma.

Whisper trials in her ear,
She has always time to hear;
Words of wisdom and of cheer
For grandma.

Tell her things that make you glad;
Maybe she is feeling sad;
Lonesome hours are always bad
For grandma.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE

A pout, a scowl, a cross word every day,
A hateful act that chases joy away;
Just think what a tremendous cloud they'd make,
And from the year so much of sunshine take!

A smile, a word of happiness each day,
A deed of love 'twixt hours of work and play;
Oh, think you what a splendid stock of cheer
To scatter all around in one short year!

HIS GEOGRAPHY

Said little Ned, "The man who wrote
This big geography
Has surely made a great mistake
To leave out little me.

"Why, only think, as now I stand
All toward my left is west;
In front of me is north, and back
Is south, as you have guessed.

"All on my right is east, and so
'Tis very plain to see
That north and east and west and south
Begin right here with me.

"So I must write and ask to have
My picture pasted in,
That other boys and girls may learn
Where all these things begin."

—*Cora Gaskill Alberger.*

SHY

The shyest little maid was she ,
And would not speak a word to me:
I asked her age, inquired her name,
But not the faintest answer came!

I pleaded and I coaxed again,
She shook her head, 'twas all in vain
For not one word to my dismay,
Could I induce the child to say.

At last I cried: "Why I'm afraid
You've lost your tongue, my little maid,
And so you cannot talk to me!
Dear, dear! where ever can it be?''

Then suddenly a finger-tip
Was laid upon a rosy lip:
"Ah! Ah!" she said, with roguish smile,
"It's been in here just all the while!"

SUCH A SAD AFFAIR

"Oh, mamma, to-day a little girl
Fell down and had such a fright,
And every single scholar but one
Just giggled and laughed outright!"

''It was my sweet girlie that didn't laugh,''
Said mamma—"I know it well."
With a twinkle, said Lucy, "Of course not, dear,
For I was the girl that fell."

—*E. A. Matthews.*

BOY'S COMPOSITION ON PANTS

Pants are made for men, and not for women. Women are made for men and not for pants. When a man pants for a woman, and woman pants for a man, they are a pair of pants. Such pants don't last. Pants are like molasses—they are thinner in hot weather and thicker in cold. Men are often mistaken in pants; such mistakes are breeches of promise. There has been much discussion whether pants is singular or plural. Seems to us when men wear pants it is plural, and when they don't wear any pants, it is singular. Men go on a tear in their pants, and it is all right; but if your pants go on a tear it is all wrong. If you want to make pants last make the coat first.

—*Ex.*

SHOEMAKER MAN

For a small boy with shoes, as described.

Wobblety, cobblety, shoemaker man,
Mend my wee shoes des as dood as oo can;
Des 'tick a peg here and sew a seam vere,
Rap vem and tap vem and make vem to wear.

Wee 'ittle shoes vat mus' run to an' fro,
Stich vem an' fix vem an' make vem to go;
Put a heel here an' put a patch vere
Rap vem an' tap vem and make vem to wear.

Vis 'ittle shoe has a hole in ve toe;
Lets my wee tootsies peep out, does oo know;
Lets ve cold in, an' lets out ve warm
Patch it to keep my poor tootsies from harm.

Vis 'ittle shoe has ve bottom weared out,
Ve wet creeps in an' ve dry leaks out;
So rap it an' tap it dood as oo can,
Wobblety, cobblety, shoemaker man.

—*Arthur J. Burdick.*

HOME MEASUREMENTS

Sister measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she.
Father said: "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said: "better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."

A SONG OF SATURDAYS

Sing a song of Saturdays,
Band of fifty-two,
Joining hands about the year,
What a merry crew!

How they make the hours dance!
    How they shout with glee!
Yes, the happy Saturday
    Is the day for me.

Sing a song of Saturdays,
    Pearls upon a chain,
Hung about the New-Year's neck
    When she comes again.

All among the other beads,
    Pink or blue or gray,
How you love the shining gleam
    Of a Saturday!

Sing a song of Saturdays,
    Roses in a wreath,
Fifty-two so big and bright—
    Who would look beneath?

Other days may be as green,
    Others bloom as fair,
Yet a single Saturday
    We could never spare.

Sing a song of Saturdays.
    Rests along the road;
Here we halt to take a breath,
    Ease the weary load.

Ho! Another mile-stone passed
    Toward the goal we seek,
Then, refreshed, we travel on
    For another week.

A HERO EXPOSED

I used to think my pa was great:
The way he talks to ma
You'd think he was the wisest man
A body ever saw.
In every fight he ever had
The other chaps got licked—
They always tumbled just as though
A mule had up and kicked.
He's seen a lot of splendid sights
And been most everywhere,
But still I guess he's not so much—
He never killed a bear!

At school he used to beat them all
When they stood up to spell,
And wunst he broke his collar bone
By fallin' in a well
The other boys got jealous when
Him and the girls would meet;
In every game he ever played
My pa was sure to beat—
He's been a legislature, too,
The people sent him there,
But still I guess he's not so much,
He never killed a bear!

My pa he made himself, because
I've heard him sayin' so,
And that's no easy job. The Lord
Made other folks you know.

He's been to Californyou, and
  He's been in Europe, too;
He's been in war a-fightin' for
  The old red, white and blue.
If you could hear him talkin', oh
  I'll bet you'd sit and stare—
But still I guess he's not so much,
  He never killed a bear!

HIS RENT WAS PAID

Boy:

Hello, Mr. Groundhog, please stick your head out
  And say how-de-do to a friend.
Just send me a message by any old route
  And tell me when winter will end.

The Groundhog:

Don't take off your underclothes yet for a spell,
  Nor hurry your garden to spade;
I'll not venture out for a month yet, for—well,
  Four weeks more my room rent is paid.

A CONSPIRACY

When little Alice Aimless sighed because she had to work—
Just to wash the dishes then to 'tend the bread—
Instead of making patchwork for her tiny dolly's crib,

Her scissors, needle and the spool of thread
Declared they'd not work for her—let her see how
good 'twould seem,
For once, and then they said they guessed she'd know
It isn't always pleasant when mamma wants some-
thing done.
For her child to fret just 'cause she wished to sew!
Accordingly the scissors "cut up" in awful style,
The thread just snarled in—oh, a dreadful way;
The needle wouldn't use its eye—a grave conspiracy!
And Alice had a very wretched day.
"I wonder if I act like them when I am asked to
work;
I'm 'fraid I do"—her face blushed rosy red.
"I think the lesson's done her good, so we are sat-
isfied"—
And scissors, thread and needle danced off happily
to bed.

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

LITTLE PRISONERS

I know some little prisoners who never get quite free
Except when all the pleasant world is sunny as can
be;
When skies are blue and winds are soft and flow-
ers are blooming gay,
And all the children have to do is just to run and
play.

Then out they come, these happy things that love
to stretch and grow,
And round and round the soft green lawn they gayly
prance and go
Until its time for dinner, tea, or else to go to bed;
Then they splash in clear cold water till they're glow-
ing, rosy red.

Now I wonder could you guess it, what we call these
prisoners ten?
Well, I'll give you just a good big hint—I'll whisper
it—and then
You'll surely tell me quickly, or you can if you
should choose:—
I use them when I'm walking, and they live inside
my shoes.

—*Ethel M. Colson.*

A STRANGE CAT TALE

An Angora cat sat quietly in his home,
Combing his long hair with a catacomb.
Then, lest he should suffer from dampness or fog,
He threw on his fire another catalog.

Next he took a catsup from his pewter ladle,
Then shook up his caterpillar in his cat's-cradle.
He tied 'neath his chin his ruffled nightcap,
And curled himself up for a happy cat-nap.

—*Carolyn Wells.*

LITTLE WILLIE'S HAPPY DAYS

"Good morning, world, how are you?"
Sometimes that's what I say
When I look out the window
And night's gone far away,
And sometimes there's a robin
Out there that turns his head
As though it understood me
And smiled at what I said.

Sometimes I get to dreaming
I'm falling down somewhere,
Or that I'm in a corner,
Surrounded by a bear,
And, oh, I guess it's pleasant
To wake up then and say:
"Hello, old world, good morning,
You feeling well to-day?"

"Good morning, world, how are you?"
When boys get up and shout
Then gladly from the window
It scares their troubles out.
When I forget to say it
There's nothing that goes right—
I guess the world can't like it
And has to show its spite.

My papa taught it to me,
And when I get up glad
And look outside and say it,
There's nothing that goes bad!

So hurry to the window
When you wake up and say:
"Hello, old world, good morning,
You pretty well to-day?"

—*S. E. Kiser.*

POLLY'S PLAY

For little girl with thimble, needle and sock.

I deck my middle finger in a silver helmet bright,
And play my darning needle is a little tiny spear;
And then, you see, I make believe to sally forth and fight
These great, big, monstrous, giant holes in papa's stockings here.

—*H. E. T.*

A RETORT COURTEOUS

I'd explained to him over and often
What a good little boy should be;
How temper and tumult to soften,
And naughty ways to flee.

He listened, mute and quiet,
With earnest eyes of blue,
Then: "I don't fink I'll try it.
I'd ravver be like you!"

—*D. Lummis.*

A FROWN AND A SMILE

Such a silly little, foolish little, naughty little
frown—
Too small to do the slightest harm, you'd think,
Yet the naughty little frown frowned the nursery
pleasure down,
And made a pleasant room as black as ink.

Nurse scolded—Jamie sighed—
Kitten ran and baby cried—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true,)
Every smile was blotted out
With that naughty frown about—
Just think how much a little frown can do!

Such a pleasant little, happy little, jolly little smile—
Too small to do the slightest good, you'd say,
Yet that happy little smile kept the nursery all the
while
As cheerful as the sunshine and as gay.

Nurse was singing like a bird—
Baby cooed and kitten purred—
(You scarcely can believe it, but it's true,)
Everywhere that small smile went
It brought pleasure and content—
Just think how much a little smile can do!

—*Theodosia P. Garrison.*

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME

My teacher doesn't think I read
So very special well.
She's always saying: "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As slow as slow can be.
"You'd better take a little care"—
That's what she says to me—
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find,
Some one of these bright days,
You're way behind the primer class."
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,
He hands me out a book,
And lets me choose a place to read;
And then he'll sit and look
At me, and listen, just as pleased!
I know it from his face.
And when I read a great, long word,
He'll say: "Why, little Grace,
You'll have to teach our deestrict school,
Some one of these bright days!
Mother, you come and hear this child."
That's what my grandpa says.

—*Elizabeth L. Gould, in St. Nicholas.*

WILLIE'S EXERCISE

Father says for exercise
Wood-sawing can't be beat:
He says these modern "systems"
Are a misleading cheat.

Ev'ry day when school is done
And I would like to play,
I first must take my exercise
In this old-fashioned way.

S'pose its bound, as father says,
To keep one well and stout—
But wish he'd share with me its good
He always talks about.

—*E. G. Harper.*

HOW MAMMA HELPED

When first I went to public school I couldn't count a bit,
And "class in number work" each day, oh! how I hated it.
But mamma found a lovely plan, it helped me such a lot!
And now I count whole heaps of things; I've never once forgot.

This is the way that we begin: One unit, that means me,
And two brings in the baby; add mamma, and there's three;
Then next we take up papa, he makes the list count four,
And so we keep on reck'ning for half an hour or more.

My teacher says its wonderful, the way I learn each day;
She doesn't know that mamma makes home number work like play.
But you just try it sometime, when school work seems hard and strange,
And I'm sure you'll think as I do, that it makes a lovely change.

WHEN BEDTIME COMES

Just when I'm having such good times
I never had before,
With all my playthings spread around
On table, chairs and floor;
When its dusk behind the sofa back
And black dark under the stair,
And I wonder what strange animals
Perhaps are lurking there;
And think I'll go a-hunting them,
And begin to clean my gun,
Then mamma shuts her book and says,
"It's bedtime, son."

Outside the window by my crib
I see the sky all red,
Where the poor old sun, like me, I s'pose,
Has been carried off to bed.
He never sees the fireflies dance,
Or hears the whippoorwill;
He never sees the rockets dart
Straight up from Signal Hill;
He never sees the wee star eyes
Wink open, one by one.
I wonder now who says to him,
"It's bedtime, sun."

—*Mary Marshall Parks.*

BEST

When all across the dimpled pond
The little laughing breezes blow,
And in the cat-tails just beyond
The summer sun is sinking low,
The swallows then in airy flight
Along the sparkling waters go,
And dip their feathers blue and bright,
And softly twitter to and fro,
"Tweet, weet! Sweet, sweet! Oh, who is so free,
So cheery, so happy, so blithe as we?
For of all the most delightful things
The very best is a pair of wings."

When all across the frozen pond
  The merry, roaring north winds blow,
And from the leafless woods beyond
  The winter moon is rising slow,
The children then like swallows light
  Go wheeling, whirling to and fro
Along the ice that sparkles bright
  With frosty jewels all aglow.
And they laugh and shout and sing for glee,
"No summer bird is so glad as we!
And better than wings for us merry mates
Is a pair of sharp and shiny skates!"

—*E. H. Thomas.*

LITTLE ALBERT ON CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Sometimes when I've been very bad,
  My mother looks at me,
And I can see she's just as sad
  As ever she can be,
And then she says: "To-night I'll tell
  Your father what you've done;
When he comes home he'll whip you well!"—
  And then I want to run
About a thousand miles away,
  Or else drop out of sight—
It's awful waitin' round all day
  To catch it hard at night.

A boy can't always just be good
Or always act just so,
Or always say just what he should,
Without mistakes, you know.
If I'd a little boy like me
And I was big and strong
I'd let him off sometimes when he
Just happened to do wrong;
I don't like whipping anyway,
I don't believe its right,
But worst of all's to wait all day
For one you'll get at night.

LITTLE TOMMY'S DARK OUTLOOK

My maw, she's wearin' glasses, and paw, he's got 'em, too,
And sister Maud she has 'em and so does Hatty Loo;
I guess they must be catchin'; most everyone you see—
The boys and girls and old folks—must wear 'em, seems to me.

Sometimes my eyes feel tired when I have read a lot,
And they get kind of smarty round the edge, and hot,
But I don't tell nobody, for if I did, you see,
I s'pose they'd take paw's glasses and hand them down to me.

I'm wearing his old trousers—of course they cut 'em down;
My shirt was maw's old wrapper; I wear Maud's old night gown;
The girls must have the new things to ketch the beaux, you see—
I s'pose if I'd need glasses they'd hand some down to me.

THE WATCH

Little boy with watch.

A watch should not be swung around,
Or left to run upon the ground.
And do not let your finger stand
Upon it's busy second hand.
And it is better not to trace
The mystery inside the case.

WHEN IT COMES NIGHT

For a little boy. Have pictures of pa and ma on one side of slate and pictures of pa, ma, himself, cat and dog on other. He holds them up at proper time.

I don't have no good time when it comes night;
I'm miserable and I don't know what to do;
My pa he reads the paper all so still,
And I just switch around and fuss and stew.

Until my ma she says, "Oh dearie me,
  Whatever can it be that ails the child?
Do, childie, mark upon your little slate,
  Or else you'll surely set poor mother wild.

And then I sit right down upon the floor,
  And first I make a picture of my pa,
Then so that he won't feel all lonely-lone,
  I draw another picture of my ma,

Then first I tell my pa to look and see,
  He shows my ma, and asks me, "what's it 'bout?"
And then they both look at each other'n laugh,
  And say it's good, when I have 'splained it out.

Well, then, I feel more happy after that,
  And 'cause the pictures seem to 'muse them so,
I work just as hard as ever that I can,
  And draw our family standing in a row.

—Cora Lapham Hazard.

MRS. WASP AND MRS. BEE

Said Mrs. Wasp to Mrs. Bee:
  "Will you a favor do me?
There's something I can't understand;
  Please, ma'am explain it to me.

"Why do men build for you a house,
  And coax you to go in it,
While me, your cousin, they'll not let
  Stay near them for a minute?

"I have a sting, I do confess,
And should not like to lose it;
But so have you, and when you're vexed
I'm very sure you use it."

"Well," said Mrs. Bee, "to you, no doubt,
It does seem rather funny;
But people soon forget the stings
Of those who give them honey."

WHAT TOMMY TAKES

That Tommy Todd could have a fault
Which all his friends condone
Is past belief, and yet 'tis said
He takes things not his own.
"He has his father's eyes," cries one,
"It's plainly to be seen!"
"His nose and mouth, though, Tommy took
Straight from his Grandpa Green."
"Our Tommy has his mother's hair,"
His aunts will freely say,
"His mother's forehead, too, you see,
Of course that's plain as day!"
And many, many times a week
Of Tommy Todd 'tis said,
"We all know where he got that laugh!
From his poor Uncle Ned!"

—*Elizabeth L. Gould.*

EIGHT AND NINE

Eight and nine went out one day
  And wandered down the woodland way.
They found some nuts upon a tree,
  And Eight said: "Give the first to me!
The first to me, for they are mine,
  Since I am Eight and you are Nine."
Then on they went in merry mood,

  And by-and-by they left the wood,
And reached a pleasant meadow green
  Where cows with lengthy horns were seen.
Then Eight remarked right timidly:
  "Now you must go in front of me.
I'll walk behind you through the gate,
  Since you are Nine and I am Eight."

A DAY'S OCCUPATION

Eight hours to sleep, and two to walk,
  And three to eat and laugh and talk,
Six for study every day,
  Five are left for work and play.
Eat well, sleep well, work well, read well,
  And your life will always speed well.

—Delia Hart Stone.

EXERCISES FOR PRIMARY GRADES

PRIMARY BUTTERFLIES.

Several small girls in pale yellow. Have skirts very full. Grasp hem of skirt, on each side, and rest tips of fingers on shoulders, giving appearance of wings.

We're the first butterflies,
Primary butterflies,
"Not very large or wise,"
Maybe you say.
But we learn many things,
In our gay wanderings,
[1] Floating on yellow wings,
All the bright day.

Gay little butterflies,
[1] Yellow winged butterflies;
Not very large or wise,
As you can see.
But very well we know
Where the sweet flowers blow,
Roses, with hearts aglow,
Sweet as can be.

Gay little butterflies,
[1] Yellow winged butterflies
Not very large or wise;
Ah, but we know
Ev'ry birds sweetest note;
Know where white lilies float,
In their green sailing boat,
Cool as the snow.

Now we will ask of you,
Tell us, in answer true,
When the sad ev'ning dew
Silently weeps,
And the deep darkness clings,
[2] Where do we fold our wings?
Gay little careless things,
[3] Where do we sleep?

[1] Lower and raise hands, still holding hem of skirt.
[2] Lower arms and release skirts.
[3] Place palms together and hold hands at left. Bow head to left, resting left cheek on back of right hand. Close eyes. Burn red light.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

A CURE FOR MEASLES

Three little girls. Doll in cradle. Bottle, spoon and broken glass on chair. Enter boys, with sled.

Boys:

Hello girls! come and have a slide;
The coasting is just splendid.
Give Mabel Arabelle a rest;
She's sick of being tended.
The track is nice and smooth and hard,
And we just go a-flying
Clear down the hill and cross the yard,
Without so much as trying.

Girls:

Dear Mabel Arabelle is sick;
She's got the measles, dreadful.
She has to have her med'cine quick;
She's very cross and fretful.
No, we can't go and slide down hill,
We have to stay and rock her.
We're 'fraid she'll die, she is so ill.
We wish you'd get the doctor.

Boys:

Oh yes, we'll go for Doctor Gad;
We'll bring him on our sled.
He cures the measles, when they're bad,
And brings them out real red.
And if the doctor says, perhaps,
Miss Mabel isn't dying,
And there's no danger of relapse,
You'd better go a-sliding. [*Exit boys.*]

First Girl:

If Mabel wants to take a sleep,
Perhaps we'd better let her.

Second Girl: [*Bending over cradle.*]

The sliding must be awful sweet.
I think she's getting better.

Third Girl:

Come on, let's get our cloaks and hoods.

All:

Look out, don't make a noise!
Old Doctor Gad shan't 'scribe for her,
His med'cine's good for boys.
[*Tip toe out.*]

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

THE HOUSEWIFE'S PART

For three little girls.

All:

Oh, men, and oh, brothers; and all of you others
I beg of you pause and listen a bit.
And tell you without altering any of it,
The tale of the housewife's part.

First Little Girl:

Mixing and fixing,
Brewing and stewing,
Basting and tasting,
Lifting and sifting,
Stoning and boning,
Toasting and roasting,
Kneading and seeding,
Straining and draining,
Poking and soaking,

Choosing and using,
Reasoning and seasoning,
Paring and sharing—
This is the housewife's part.

Second Little Girl:

Filling and spilling,
Pounding and sounding,
Creaming and steaming,
Skimming and trimming,
Mopping and chopping,
Coring and pouring,
Shelling and smelling,
Grinding and minding,
Firing and tiring,
Carving and serving—
This is the housewife's part.

Third Little Girl:

Oiling and boiling and broiling,
Buying and trying and frying,
Burning and turning and churning,
Pricing and icing and slicing,
Hashing and mashing and splashing,
Scanning and planning,
Greasing and squeezing and freezing—
This is the housewife's part.

All:

Aching and baking and making and shaking,
Beating and heating and seating and treating,
Oh, men, and oh, brothers; and all of you others—
Do you envy the housewife's part?
—*Susie M. Best.*

WHICH ONE WAS RIGHT

For four little girls.

Letty:

Four little girls, all in a row,
Before the blackboard jetty;
One little word they had to write.
They thought and thought with all their might;
Then R and I and T and E,
The first one spelled triumphantly.
And "Good!" the teacher said, said she,
To laughing little Letty.

Hetty:

The second looked, and frowned a bit,
Although she wasn't fretty.
Should she begin with R? Instead
She wrote a W at the head.
And "Good!" again the teacher said
To happy little Hetty.

Netty:

Now to the third each little word
  Looked very small and petty;
So W R I G H T,
A long, long word she wrote in glee.
And "Good!" the teacher said, said she,
  To knowing little Netty.

Betty:

Then, last of all, a little maid,
  With blue eyes soft and pretty,
Took off the W, left the G
And wrote it, R I G H T.
And "Good!" the teacher said, said she,
  To bonny little Betty.

All:

Four little girls all wreathed in smiles,
  They left the blackboard jetty;
For here's the funny thing I've heard
About that very funny word,—
Though each one's spelling, as you see,
Was different from the other three.
Each wrote it R I G H T,
  From Letty down to Betty!

A THANKSGIVING ACROSTIC

For twelve children. Hang cardboard, with letters, around necks, blank side out. Each turns cards after reciting.

T's for the turkey so toothsome and good,
H is for holiday, well understood.
A's for the apples which make sauce and pie,
N's for the noise of the children knee-high.
K's for the kitchen where good things are made,
S is for spices and sweet marmalade.
G's for the games which we play until night,
I's for the ices so cold and so white.
V's for the vines which encircle each plate,
I's for the illness which comes to us late.
N's for the nuts, and the raisins, you know,
G's for the gratitude we all should show.

—*C. B. Jordan.*

TARDY TIM

Boy comes on stage, with kite, which he seems to be getting ready to fly. Other children come along, pause and address him.

Children:

Pray what are you doing here,
Little tardy Tim?
You will be behind, we fear,
When the school bell rings.

Do you know the song it sings?
We all know it well.
You just listen when it rings,
Listen to the bell.

Children sing to air of "Lightly Row." Tap bell in time to music.

Tardy Tim, tardy Tim,
One more tardy mark for him;
Tardy Tim, tardy Tim,
Tardy mark for him.

Tim:

Don't say any such a thing!
But I'm going to go
Soon's I give my kite a fling.
See how high 'twill go!
Hasn't it a dandy tail?
Now then, you just wait,
And you'll see her sail and sail.
Tell you, she is great!

Children:

No, we haven't time, you see;
Haven't time to wait.
We should all feel dreadfully
If we should be late.
Hurry up and wind your string.
Better come along;
Or the school bell soon will sing
Just the same old song.

Children pass on.

Tim:

Don't believe a single thing
'Bout the school bell song.
Guess I'll just wind up my string—(*winds*)
And then get along.
S'pose they think they're awful good;
Never get a mark;
Now I wonder if I could,
If I'd try—but hark!

Bell rings. Children, out of sight, sing "Tardy Jim," etc. Tim runs off dragging kite.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

SIGNS

For several children.

When studying arithmetic
[1] Two straight lines, crossed, mean "add up quick."
The teacher'll give it out and say,
"Now who will get through first to-day?"

[2] One line, that horizontal lay,
Bade us subtract, or take away
The small one from the large. They say
It won't come right the other way.

Now multiply will be the next,
[3] Two slanting lines, just like an X
We must remember, you and I,
The little x means multiply.

A line, with dots on either side,
Says little children should divide;
And when you've something good 'twill say,
"Remember part's to give away."

[4] Two lazy lines, that lie down flat,
Say, "This is just the same as that."
I think it is a funny sort;
They call it Equals, just for short.

The other signs, we think, must be
For larger folks to learn than we.
We're tired of them, any way:
[5] So we will bid you all good day.

[1] Cross first fingers, horizontal and perpendicular.
[2] Index finger held horizontally in front of breast.
[3] Make X with front fingers.
[4] Hold first fingers horizontally one above other.
[5] Bow.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

For four little girls and one boy.

First Girl:

Said the goose to the gander: "This weather is fine!
Just hear the drops patter and see grass shine!

There is surely no fun like a walk when it pours;
I don't see why anyone stays within doors."

Second Girl:

Said the hen to the cock: "Oh dear, what shall we do?
I told you 'twould rain, and you see I spoke true.
Hurry in! hurry in! for your plumage you'll wet,
And you know what a horrible cold you may get."

Third Girl:

Said the duck to the drake: "Feel the rain on your back!
It slides off your wings before you can say 'Quack!'
Oh, a long day of pleasure! It is such a treat
To step in a puddle and splash with both feet!"

Fourth Girl:

Said the girl to the boy: "Now don't stand there and pout;
You certainly cannot expect to go out!
The gutters are running as full as a brook.
Come! Sit by the fire and read a nice book."

Boy:

Said the boy to the girl—what *did* the boy say?
Remember, 'twas raining the whole of the day,
And perhaps he had toothache, or didn't feel well,
But just what he said I would rather not tell!

—*A. B. Carr.*

STAYING OUT LATE

Two little boys.

"O mother, let us stay out late!"
Cried little Tom and Fred;
"Always before it's really dark
You make us go to bed.
We're sure that we would like the dark,
We want to see the moon;
They say some owls are in this grove,
Don't make us come so soon!"

Down sank the sun, up rose the moon,
The tree-toads made their noise;
Two little owls began to hoot,
Which scared those little boys.
Back to their homes they quickly ran,
They heard the watch-dog bark:
"Mamma, we want to come to bed,
We're frightened at the dark!"

Two little girls.

"O mother, let us stay out late!"
Cried little Fuzz and Ball.
"You always make us go to bed
Before it's light at all.

We're sure that we would like the light;
We want to see the sun;
They say two boys come to this grove,
And that will be great fun!''

Down sank the moon, up rose the sun;
Loud crowed the barn-yard fowls;
Two little boys began to shout,
Which scared those little owls.
Back to their hollow tree they flew;
Their eyes were big and bright:
''Mamma, we want to go to bed,
We're frightened at the light!''

—*Mary E. Dimond.*

THE WARNING

For three little ones.

One, two, three—see, here we be.
We came to say good morning.
It's very plain it's going to rain;
We thought we'd give you warning.

The tree-toad croaked like someone choked;
The peafowl kept a-screaming;
Such signs are clear that rain is near,
And grandma's been a-dreaming.

But we small three had better be
A-scampering home together;
See, on the pane, a drop of rain!
Now, can't we guess the weather?

But, oh, dear me! it's pouring, see!
We can't get home this morning;
Still, auntie, dear, we're glad we're here,
Or who'd have given you warning?

—*E. S. A.*

TEN LITTLE CUPIDS

Ten tiny boys in close fitting, flesh colored, underwear. Small wings. Large square envelopes for caps. Bows and arrows.

All:

[1] Ten little valentines—we wear 'em for caps.
Ten little girlies will get them, perhaps.
Ten little cupids, all in a row;
Each little cupid armed with a bow.
[2] Ten little cupids, oh, how they sigh!
[3] Ten little arrows ready to fly;
Ten little cupids seeking a mate;
Ah, pretty maidens, why do you wait?

First Cupid:

[4] Ten little cupids all in a line;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be nine.

Second Cupid:

[4] Nine little cupids; I cannot wait;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be eight.

Third Cupid:

[4] We little cupids turn earth to Heaven.
I'll fly to my true love and there will be seven.

Fourth Cupid:

[4] Seven little cupids, full of their tricks;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be six.

Fifth Cupid:

[4] Six little cupids, little and live;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be five.

Sixth Cupid:

[4] Five little cupids left to adore;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be four.

Seventh Cupid:

[4] Four little cupids, cute as can be;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be three.

Eighth Cupid:

[4] Three little cupids, mischief to do;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be two.

Ninth Cupid:

[4] Two little cupids, brim full of fun;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be one.

Tenth Cupid:

[4] One little cupid left all alone;
I'll fly to my true love and there will be none.

[1] Hands to caps.
[2] Sigh.
[3] Raise bows.
[4] Leave stage.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

WHAT GRANDMA SAID

First Girl:

"Oh goody!" said I, this morning,
"Oh goody! it's Children's Day."
Then grandma looked over her spectacles
In a most forbidding way.
"Humph! an' so this is Children's Day?
It rather seems to me,
They are having their say 'most every day,
A-now-a-days," said she.
"They used to tell me that 'children
Should always be seen, not heard.'
I never thought, when company came,
Of saying a single word.

Why, I'd no more thought of chippin' in
As the children do now-a-days.
We were all brought up, when I was a child.
To much more mannerly ways.
Our clothes want made as they make 'em now,
With ribbons an' ruffles an' fuss,
But a good nice chintz, made up sensible,
Was good enough for us."
Poor grandma! I'm sorry she had to wear
Such a dreadful ugly dress,
And never once dared to speak a word:
It soured her some, I guess.

Second Girl:

I said to my grandma, this morning,
"I'm sorry, as sorry can be,
They didn't have Children's Day when you
Were a little girl like me."
Then grandmother smiled and said to me,
"My darling, don't you know,
The first and best of Children's Days
Was hundreds of years ago?
When Jesus said, in His tender tones,
'Let the little ones come unto me;'
And clasped them close, in his loving arms,
And blessed them, so tenderly.
His spirit spoke to some heart, maybe,
When your Children's Day was given."
Then grandmother kissed me and softly said,
" 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' "

—Harriet D. Castle.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

For two small boys and larger girl. Girl stands in center.

Said little country Johnny: "It seems so nice to me
To wear fine clothes on week days, like the other boys I see;
And to go to many places and such pleasant days to know
As they must who live in cities; I'd love the town, I know."

Said Jimmie from the city: "Oh, it must be lots of fun
To go barefoot all the summer and to jump and play and run
Over fields and streams and fences all the year and every day;
I know I'd love the country; how I wish that I could stay!"

But if some jolly fairy had permitted them to change,
Don't you think that each small grumbler would have found the new life strange?
Don't you think perhaps we're happier, each one, just where we are,
And where the good Lord placed us, than if we wandered far?

—*E. M. C.*

THE FAIRIES' TEA

Five tiny girls in pale green or white. Small wings.

Five little fairies went out to take tea
Under the shade of a juniper tree;
Each had a cup from an acorn ball cut,
And a plate from the rind of a hickory nut,
And the table was spread with a cloth all of lace,
Which the spiders had woven the banquet to grace.

Oh, such good things as they all had to eat;
Slices of strawberry—my, what a treat!
Honey the sweetest the wild bee could hive,
And a humming bird's egg for each one of the five!
Then they pledged their host's health in their favorite drink,
Which was—well, what was it? Can any one think?
Why, the dewdrop that comes from the heart of the rose
Is the drink of the fairies, as everyone knows!

[*Drink from Roses.*]

—*Priscilla Leonard, in Primary Education.*

WOULDN'T THAT BE BEST

For six children.

One:

If I were a bird,
I should go to rest

High up in a tree
In a little nest!
Isn't that absurd?

Two:

If I were a bunny,
Then I should be found
In a little hole
Underneath the ground!
Wouldn't that be funny?

Three:

If I were a sole
Deep down in the sea,
I should swim about;
Fancy little me!
Wouldn't that be droll?

Four:

If I were a billy
Or a nanny goat,
I should have some horns
And a furry coat!
Wouldn't that be silly?

Five:

If I were a Cupid,
I should, with my bow
And my arrow, shoot
People's hearts, you know!
Wouldn't that be stupid?

Six:

If I were to change,
Some one else to be,
Think that I should feel
Not at all like me!
Wouldn't that be strange?

All:

Think I'd better rest
As I am, you see;
Mightn't like the change,
Better still be me!
Wouldn't that be best?

—*Constance M. Lowe.*

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

For seven children.

One:

Curly-headed Baby Tom
Sleeps in cozy blankets warm,
In his crib.

Two:

Bob-o'-Lincoln—oh, so wise!
Goes to sleep 'neath sunny skies,
'Mid the leaves.

Three:

Mr. Bruin, night and day,
Snoozes all his time away,
In his cave!

Four:

Squirrel-Red with nuts—a store!
In hollow tree-trunk loves to snore,
In the wood.

Five:

Mrs. Woodchuck 'neath some knoll,
Drowses in her bed—a hole!
Deep in earth.

Six:

Floweret bulbs nestled together,
Doze all through the wintry weather,
'Neath the snow.

Seven:

In the chrysalis hard by,
Dreams the sometime butterfly,
In corner hid.

All:

Oh, what beds! So very queer!
Yet to each one just as dear
As yours to you!

—*Adelbert F. Caldwell.*

EDUCATIONAL GHOSTS

An exercise concluding in ghost walk. Characters and Costumes: All figures draped in white. White draperies over head, with openings for eyes and mouth. Protruding paper ears. Old fashioned pedagogue, wears large, horn-rimmed, glasses; Doctor Birch, wears old fashioned, tall, white hat (make of pasteboard or cover hat with white). Reading Class, carry old readers; Professor of Penmanship, carries copy book, quill pen behind ear; arithmetic class, slates, pencils and books; Water carriers, pails and dippers; grammar class, carry old books; geography class, carry old atlases; A B C class, small ghosts with large letters on breast; spelling class, carry spelling books; blue covers.

Play few bars of march as each division comes on stage, and again as they pass to back of stage and another division comes on. The number in each class would depend on size of stage.

The A B C class should represent the entire alphabet, if possible.

The recitations may be given by one number of class or in concert.

Enter Pedagogue and Dr. Birch.

Pedagogue:

I'm a good old-fashioned pedagogue:
  I labored long and hard,
And many, many years ago
  I went to my reward.

But my well-earned rest is troubled
  By the reports I hear
Of these crazy modern methods;
  Growing worse from year to year.

The question was a grave one
  And it raised me from the grave:
From these crazy modern methods
  I have come to seek and save.

We never vexed the children
  With the whyness of the why,
Or the smatteringness of all things,
  In the good old days gone by.

We gave the mental stomach
  What it could well digest:
And I rise to the assertion
  That the old way was the best.

They fill with harmful gasses
  The well of knowledge sweet,
They desecrate these sacred halls
  We trod with reverent feet;

So, at the mystic midnight hour,
  I and my pupils dear
Rise from our troubled slumber
  And once more gather here.

We tread the well-remembered halls,
  We sadly, softly greet,
We gaze on the familiar walls
  And fill our old-time seat.

It comforts our sad hearts to know
  That, till the break of day,
All things will be conducted here
  In the good old-fashioned way.

Gesture as if introducing Dr. Birch.

This is my learned coadjutor,
I-lick-'em Birch, M. D.
You'll seldom meet a person
Of so great celebrity.

He helped to train the children
In the right way from the start;
And, I can truly testify,
He helped to make them smart.

Dr. Birch:

I'm a doctor of the old school,
The very oldest one;
I took my first diploma
In the school of Solomon.

'Twas thus the wise man taught us,
"Spare the rod and spoil the child."
From the teachings of this wise man
Modern teachers are beguiled.

They prate of "moral suasion,"
And they theorize and shirk:
I strike straight at the bottom
And I do good thorough work.

Pedagogue and Dr. B. pass to back of stage. Enter Reading class.

Reading Class:

We were the vaunted readers here,
My schoolmates dear and I:
We used to charm the listening ear
In happy days gone by.

E'en in our earlier efforts
  There were wet eyes when we read,
"The boy stood on the burning deck
  Whence all but him had fled."

And later on they wondered
  And sat, with bated breath,
While Patrick Henry thundered,
  "Give me liberty or death!"

It is a solemn joy to come
  And, in the dark and gloom,
Awake the slumbering echoes
  In this dear familiar room.

Take place at back of stage and con readers. Enter Professor of Writing.

Professor of Writing:

The praises of good penmanship
  I have arisen to sing,
While memories of bygone days
  Are sadly whispering.

The children of the modern school
  All bend their little backs
Over reviews and written work
  In hasty turkey tracks.

Their writing may be vertical,
  But, I'm constrained to say,
I'd rather have them sit up straight
  Than have them write that way.

I would observe the graceful slant,
The light and heavy shade.
These inartistic modern rules
Should never be obeyed.

But I am only here from twelve
Till early morning light:
My art is in a dreadful *strait*
And I can't make it *right*.

Takes place at back of stage. Sharpens pens and turns leaves of copy book. Enter Arithmetic class.

Arithmetic Class:

"Reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic;"
We come the last and best;
For we won the admiration
And wonder of the rest.

We labored hard with fractions,
Patching up their broken parts;
We reached the good old rule of three
With proudly beating hearts;

And how each schoolmate gazed at us,
With awed, admiring look,
When we proclaimed, with honest pride,
That we were through the book.

But the most useful thing we learned,
So thorough and so stable,
(We doubt if modern boys and girls

Are any of them able),
To stand up in a line and sing
The multiplication table.

Sing fives, air Yankee Doodle. Takes place at back of stage. Work problems on slate. Enter Water Carriers.

Water Carriers:

Ah, well do we remember how,
In happy childhood's day,
[1] We used to pass the water in
The good old-fashioned way.

In the country where we're staying
[2] The climate is so hot
Our thoughts are often straying
To our former happy lot.

It used to make us mad, but now
We'd not be mad a speck,
If some mischievous schoolmate should
[3] Pour water down our neck.

Ah, yes, it is a respite sweet
To tread the cool pine floor
And feel the dripping dipper at
[4] Our thirsty lips once more.

1. Hold dipper toward audience.
2. Fan with dippers.
3. Pantomine of pouring water down each others neck.
4. Pass to back of stage with dippers at lips. Pantomine of passing water to others and taking long draughts themselves.

Enter Grammar Class.

Grammar Class:

In dear old days we used to be
The champion grammar class.
'Tis language now and literature;
Alas! alas! alas!

We used to parse and diagram,
Transpose and analyze;
Our schoolmates thought (we too, perhaps,)
That we were wondrous wise.

We could decline the verb "to love"
In person, tense and mood,
With downcast glances stealing where
Some proper person stood.

With blushing cheeks we said, "I love,"
Both properly and well;
But who the proper person was
We all declined to tell.

The books we conned are on the shelf,
We think it is a shame;
But the language of the verb "to love"
Will always be the same.

Pass to back of stage. Con old books. Enter Geography Class.

Geography Class:

Hold up atlases.

There was mystery, and romance, too,
In old geography:
There were still discoveries to make
About the earth and sea.

Within our old time atlases
  Were gayly pictured out
Wide tracts of country "unexplored"
  For us to dream about.

The sources of the mystic Nile
  Had never yet been found;
The jungles held the origin
  A secret most profound.

But in our own United States
  We all felt quite at home:
You'll never find a better land
  Wherever you may roam.

We tackled the whole country first
  And gave the boundary;
We found where all the rivers rose
  And chased them to the sea.

We learned to locate all the states
  And bound them, every one;
And then we'd sing the capitols;
  That was the greatest fun.

Sing names of states and capitols, omitting those recently admitted. Take places at back of stage. Enter A B C Class.

A, B, C Class:

We are the A, B, C Class:
  In the happy days gone by
They always gave us the first place,
  My classmates dear and I.

We were the first ones introduced
To little children sweet;
Our leader, A, and busy B
They were so glad to meet.

They soon became acquainted
With jolly, round faced O,
And mamma's T and crooked S
Were easy ones to know.

With what delight they listened to
The little tale of Q;
How proud they were to speak the name
Of ponderous W.

But in these dreadful modern schools
They slight us large and small:
Why many of the graduates
Don't even know us all.

If they were asked to write some names
In alphabetic way
They wouldn't know which one came first
The queer old Z or A.

Poor things, we'd like to teach them;
It wouldn't take us long
If they would listen while we sang
Our pretty little song.

Sing alphabet to old tune. Take places at back of stage. Enter Spelling Class.

Spelling Class:

We were the champion spelling class,
The pride of all the town;

In good old Webster's Spelling Book
They couldn't spell us down.

How grandly rolled the syllables
In good old days of yore;
We dropped them all and then went back
And picked them up once more.

Pedagogue. [Interrupting.]

Those were glorious days, my pupils!
And I seem to live them o'er;
I am losing that grave feeling;
Ye have warmed my heart once more.

I feel the cheering presence of
The magnates of the town.
We'll have a glorious time to-night!
We'll choose sides and spell down.

I'd like to see you try a round
With your poor modern brother.
Noah Webster, you may lead one side,
George Washington the other.

Noah Webster and George Washington choose, calling names of noted men and women of former days. A B C remains at back of stage. Study primers and play occasional trick. Spellers repeat syllable in old style, like this—I-n, in c-o-m, com, incom, p-r-e, pre, incompre, h-e-n, hen, incomprehen, s-i, si, incomprehensi, b-i-l, bil, incomprehensibil, i, incomprehensibili, t-y, ty, incomprehensibility.

Spell (not to long) until there is a crowing of cocks behind scenes, or somewhere out of sight. Pedagogue drops book at side dejectedly.

Pedagogue:

The cocks are crowing for the morn,
For we have lingered late:
Soon once again the modern herd
These halls will desecrate.
Ah, my dear pupils, we must go,
The pleasant time is o'er,
And that grave feeling, suddenly,
Sweeps o'er my heart once more.

A B C Class falls in rank. March in any desired way. (Dr. Birch giving an occasional cut with switch) and finally from stage.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

PRESIDENT OF THE SCHOOL BOARD

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

SPOUTEM GASSY—Something of a dandy.

MRS. GASSY—Elderly. Wears wrapper. Hair in curl papers.

TOUGHS—Roughly dressed.

MRS. O'NEAL—Gay, untasteful dress.

JIMMY O'NEAL—Bandage over one eye. Arm in sling.

POLLY PRETTYMAID—A pretty girl of the gushing, giggling type.

SCENE—An ordinary room.

Spoutem Gassy (Soliloquy).—Well, I should think it was time those returns began to come in. I wasn't at all interested or excited, you know; *(Winks)* was going home and going to bed. But that wouldn't hinder Billy's calling me up and letting me know how it had gone, you know. I wanted to be President of the School Board for several reasons, but chiefly I wanted to oust that old Honest Goodman. He thinks he's got a monopoly on virtue and honesty. Don't take much stock in mine, I know, although he hasn't said so. He's a back number, anyway. A flourishing town, like this, wants some one that will make a fine appearance and give 'em a rattling good speech. *(Goes to mirror and views himself with evident satis-*

faction.) Yes, Spoutem, my boy, I think you'll do. Look pretty fine, up there on the platform, dealing out the diplomas and blue ribbons, won't you? Guess I must treat myself to a new suit before commencement. *(Telephone bell rings. He reaches telephone with one or two hasty strides. Takes down receiver, yawns audibly and says, "Hello!" as if about half asleep.)* *S. G.*—Ye-e-s, I guess I'm Spoutem Gassy when I'm awake. Ain't more than half awake yet. *(Aside)* Bill's telling them how he heard me yawn and how I ain't half-awake yet. Don't take Bill long to catch on.—Guess who's the new President? Why, Roosevelt, of course. What do you take me for?——

Spoutem Gassy? Oh, you're gassing.——

Oh, President of the School Board. Well, I do feel rather bored.

Honest Goodman left way behind? That's too bad when he has served so long and faithfully. *(Aside, with a wink).* That sounds pretty well over the wires, don't it?

S'pose I'd like to finish my nap? You're right, I would. Hardly got my eyes open yet. Come around in the morning when I'm awake.

All right.

Good-bye. *(Hangs up receiver. Straightens up and swells with importance. Slaps chest.)* Well, Spoutem, my boy, you never expected to be President, did you? Wonder how old Goodman is feeling. "Left way behind." S'pose he don't feel so *good* as common. *(Telephone rings.)*

Hello.

Yes, I'm Spoutem Gassy.
Oh, Honest Goodman, is it?
Thank you.
Hope your mantle will fall on me.
Yes.
Thank you.
Good-bye. *(Hangs up receiver.)* .

Well, Honest Goodman feels as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulders. S'pose he does if *he* says so. Nice little turn that of mine about his mantle falling on me. 'Fraid it would be just a trifle old-fashioned. [*Rap at door.*]

S. G.—Come in. [*Enter Mrs. O'Neal and Jimmy.*]

S. G.—Good evening, madam. Whom have I the honor of addressing?

Mrs. O'N.—Bad luck til yez, ye spalpane ye! Shure an' ye don't nade to be a dressing me at tall at tall, an' me wid me bist Sunday gown on.

S. G.—And a lovely gown it is, madam. You didn't quite understand. I said *ad*-dressing, which means whom am I talking to?

Mrs. O'N.—Shure, an' does it now? An' it's axin' yer poirdin, Oi om, fer spakin' so disrespictful loike. Me rid hid does be gettin' away wid me. Me name is Nora O'Nale, woife av Patrick O'Nale. Beloike an' yer honor will be moindin' Pat?

S. G.—Indeed, I will. Patrick and I are old friends. I must shake hands with his wife. *(Shakes hands.)* And this is one of Patrick's boys, I know; he is the image of his father. *(Jimmy slinks back sulkily)*

Mrs. O'N.—Arrah, now, Jimmy darlint, shake hands wid the jintilmon. *(Jimmy shakes hands reluctantly.)* It's falin' a bit sore an' cross he is, an' small wander. It's thot I did be comin' to till ye about.

S. G.—Have a seat, madam, and Jimmy, my boy, here's a seat for you. *(Mrs. O'Neal sits down. Jimmy draws sleeve under nose.)*

Mrs. O'N.—Set down wid ye, Jimmy; an' don't be usin' yer slave fer a hankercher whin ye do be havin' a foine clain one in yer pockit. It's a dale of trouble the poor bye has been havin' up at the school. We've been puttin' up wid it widout complainin', fer it's moighty little attintion thim big bugs would be payin' to the loiks av us. But Pat says to me to-night, says he, "We've got wan av our own byes at the hid av the School Board now and do ye jist be takin' Jimmy an' go up an' till him all about it. It's remimberin' Pat O'Nale he'll be an' who sit up the drinks an' carried the Sixth ward fer him."

S. G.—Indeed, I shall not forget Patrick's services, madam. But what is the trouble with Jimmy?

Mrs. O'N.—Oh, thim byes up at the school do be abusin' the poor darlint. Shure an' I have me two hands full a mindin' the tears, an' bathin' of him wid arnica an' stickin' up the cuts wid courtin' plaster.

Jimmy.—Bet their maws has a worrus time.

Mrs. O'N.—Jist loike Pat, do ye moind sor? He'll niver own up he was licked. It's always comin' out ahid he is an' lit him till it. But to-day the poor darlint did be comin' home wid the worrust lookin'

oye. Shuer, an' it was swelled thot toight it's afraid I was he'd niver be gittin' it open agin.

Jimmy (drumming heels vigorously against chair legs.) Bet ye John Stuart's *two* oyes were shet.

Mrs. O'N.—Be quiet wid ye, Jimmy, an' don't be puttin' in whin older folks do be talkin'; an' quit a scrongin' the chair ligs wid yer hales.

Jimmy.—Huh, it don't hurt 'em any.

Mrs. O'N.—Pat was thot mod to-noight he did be goin' on loike a Fourth of July o-*ra*-ter. Sez he, "Shall the airestycrots go on a bloindin' an' oppressin' the children av the workin' min? Shall we suffer such injustice?" An' thin he tauld me to come to you as Oi did be telling ye.

S. G.—And quite right, madam, quite right, Spout-em Gassy isn't the man to forget his friends. Now, Jimmy, my man, don't you think you could get along without fighting?

Jimmy.—What fer? Oi loikes it.

S. G.—You don't like to have your eyes knocked out, do you?

Jimmy.—Gee! you ort to seen John Stuart's oyes.

S. G.—Now, see here, Jimmy, if you won't get into a fight in a month, I'll give you the shiniest half-dollar you ever saw.

Jimmy.—All roight, sor. Oi'll tell 'em Oi've gone out av the lickin' business fer a whoile; but the prisident av the board will be doin' it fer me, 'cause me daddy elicted him.

S. G.—I wouldn't tell 'em that, Jimmy; you see I'm not much on the fight.

Jimmy.—Faith, an' ye do look some loike a cad. I'll be tellin' 'em, thin, that me dad'll lick 'em an' it's backin' him up ye'll be.

Mrs. O'N.—Arrah, now, ye spalpane ye, an' don't ye know enough to kape mum wid a gintleman's name whin he does be makin' terrums wid yez?

S. G.—Thank you, madam, thank you. I see you understand the situation.

Mrs. O'N.—Shuer, an' Oi do. But Oi think ye moight be makin' it a dollar.

S. G.—All right, madam, all right; I always try to be liberal with my friends. But remember, Jimmy, it's to be no fighting and no names mentioned.

Mrs. O'N.—An' Pat will be tickled, sor, whin he hears that ye do be tachin' Jimmy the rŏpes an' him that young.

S. G.—It won't take a bright boy, like Jimmy, long to learn. He'll be as good a mạn as Pat by the time he's as old.

Mrs. O'N.—Shuer, an' Pat is a sharp wan if Oi do be sayin' it mesilf. He says to me, says he, "It ain't Spoutem Gassy that's a carryin' the Sixth; it's mesilf that's doin' it."

S. G.—Certainly, madam, they seemed to *drink* in his words, as you might say.

Mrs. O'N.—Well, Jimmy, darlint, an' Oi think we must be goin'. *(They rise.)*

S. G.—I'm charmed to have met you, Mrs. O'Neal, and this bright boy of Pat's. Good night, madam; good night, Jimmy.

Mrs. O'N.—Till the gintilmon good noight, Jimmy.

Jimmy.—Good noight, sor. *(Just as they are about to disappear.)* Say, maw, an' do ye 'spose he's good fer that dollar? He don't look loike he was.

S. G.—Little imp! I'd like to take him across my knee. Wonder how many more constituents I'll have to buy up? *(Sound of discordant music outside.)* That's the boys coming to serenade me. I must shut off that noise before they scandalize this respectable neighborhood. *(Goes to door.)* Come in, boys, come right in. I'd like to hear some more of that fine music, but the fact is my wife has a bad headache. [*Enter several toughs. Hans Schmidt somewhat intoxicated. S. G. shakes hands all around.*]

S. G.—How are you, Dan?

Dan.—How air ye, Mr. President?

S. G.—How are you, Joe?

Joe.—O. K. How's yourself?

John.—Hello, Gassy! The old Sixth brought you through in good shape.

S. G.—I shall remember the old Sixth. Hello, Dick!

Hans.—Dot vos so; beat 'em like der *dick*ens.

S. G.—Hello, Hans! What's the matter with you?

Hans.—Sorry you vas 'lected.

S. G.—Ha, ha, ha! How's that, Hans?

Hans.—You not sed 'em up no more after you vas 'lected.

S. G.—Think so? Now, see here, Hans, I'm going

to give this five to Dan and you boys go down to Pat's and have a jollification.

Hans.—Yaw; dot makes me veel goot.

Dan.—How'll you feel in the morning when Katrina gets after you?

Hans.—Dot vas none your peesness. Gome on, poys, les sed 'em up.

Denis.—It's yersilf will be settin' down prisintly.

Hans.—I *knock* you town purdy zoon.

S. G.—Keep cool, Hans, keep cool

Hans.—Keep school yerself, Spoutem Gassy.

S. G.—Ha, ha, ha! All right, Hans. That's rather in my line now, you know. Well, good night, boys. Hope you'll have a glorious time.

Dan.—You bet your sweet life we will.

Hans.—Bet-cher. [*They pass out with various adieus. "So long.—Be good to yerself.—Be good to the school mams.—Good night, Spoutem, old boy.—Ta, ta," etc.*]

S. G.—Good riddance. Must keep on the right side of the Sixth, though. Might want to climb higher on the political ladder. *(Door bell rings.)* Come in. [*Enter pretty young girl of the gushing, giggling type.*]

S. G.—Pardon my unceremoniousness, Miss Prettymaid. I did not think of its being a lady. I thought it was some of the boys dropping in to congratulate me as quite a number have been doing.

Miss P.—Oh, have they? Maybe I'd better go then. I didn't think of that. When papa said you

were elected I was so pleased I just ran right over to congratulate you. I'm so impulsive. *(Giggles.)*

S. G.—Thank you, Miss Prettymaid. Your congratulations give me more pleasure than any I have received.

Miss P.—It's awfully sweet in you to say so, Mr. Gassy. Mr. Goodman never said anything nice, like that. I went to see him several times to see about getting a place in the school and he never gave me a mite of encouragement. He said he thought older, more experienced persons made better teachers. [*Mrs. G. appears in door unobserved by S. G. and Miss P.*]

S. G.—I think a love of the beautiful should be cultivated in our schools, and it strikes me some of those prim, experienced old maids wouldn't be very well qualified along that line.

Miss P.—(Giggling.) Oh! Mr. Gassy, you're too funny for anything! Do you really think I'd stand a chance? You know I'm a graduate. The professor, himself, said I might as well graduate; I wouldn't know a thing more if I went ten years longer.

S. G.—So far as I am concerned I should enjoy my official visits better if there was at least one *pretty maid* among the teachers.

Miss P.—(Giggling.) Oh! Mr. Gassy, you're too cute!

S. G.—But you know it would have to be voted upon by the entire board.

Miss P.—The President would have lots of influence, though, wouldn't he?

S. G.—Naturally, if he were not too modest. It's going to be pretty hard on a modest man like me.

Miss P.—Mercy, it would scare me to death! But you just talk right up to them, Mr. Gassy. Well, I'll come over and talk to you some other time. Some of your friends might be coming in. Good night, Mr. Gassy. [*Mr. G. opens door for her and places strong emphasis on her name.*]

S. G.—Good night, Miss *Prettymaid.* [*Mr. G. turns, beholds wife and looks sheepish.*]

Mrs. G. (Mimicing.)—Good night, Miss *Prettymaid.* You're a *pretty man,* ain't you?

S. G.—I have been considered so, my dear.

Mrs. G.—Your knowledge of the beautiful needs cultivating.

S. G.—Didn't I show pretty good taste when I married you?

Mrs. G.—Spoutem Gassy, you may fool Polly Prettymaid, but you can't soft-soap me. You married me for my money, and it's the only sensible thing I ever knew you to do.

S. G.—Nonsense, Maria, you're jealous of that silly little chit. Why, you're worth a dozen of her.

Mrs. G.—Taken at a cash valuation, I suppose.

S. G.—Oh! come, Maria, don't be nasty!

Mrs. G.—I shall accompany you on those *"official calls"* and see how many *pretty maids* there are among the teachers.

S. G.—I can tell you Polly Prettymaid won't be among them. She'd never be elected in the world.

Mrs. G.—Shall I tell her you said so?

S. G.—Oh! hang it; do anything you please! You're bound to, anyway.

Mrs. G.—Some day, Spoutem, you'll find that it pays to be honest and clean; but I'm afraid it will take you a long time to find it out. Now you just lock that outside door and take yourself off to bed. There's been enough foolishness here for one night.

S. G.—All right, Maria, I rather think so myself. [*Locks door and passes out, followed by Mrs. G. with lamp.*]

HARRIET D. CASTLE.

GOOD NIGHT

For several little ones in pretty night dresses and caps. They throw kisses while repeating "Good night."

We've hung our stockings in a row,
We've hung them good and tight,
And merrily to bed we'll go.
Good night, good night, good night.

We'd like to see old Santa's face
A-shining with delight,
When he comes down the chimney place.
Good night, good night, good night.

But if we stay awake, oh my!
He wouldn't come to-night.
We'd like to know the reason why.
Good night, good night, good night.

So we must go to bed, you know,
And shut our eyes up tight.
We'll say our prayers, before we go.
Good night, good night, good night.

Play prelude while children kneel, lay palms together, incline heads to left and lay cheek on back of right hand. Let every movement be in exact time. Let unseen singers sing the prayer. Do not begin to sing until children have taken sleeping positions.

Prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
[1] I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die, before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take:
And this I ask for Jesus sake. Amen."

Clasp hands and bow heads. Burn red light. Curtain.

—Harriet D. Castle.

RECITATIONS FOR INTERMEDIATE GRADES

LITTLE YANKEE DOODLE

When Yankee Doodle was a boy,
  Just thirteen, so they state, sir,
Columbia taught him how to make
  A cup of tea first rate, sir.

The water of all Boston Bay
  He used to make that tea, sir,
And still 'twas strong enough, they say,
  To swim right out to sea, sir.

He made a tea party, you see,
  For those who loved the crown, sir,
And, though 'twas English Breakfast Tea,
  They couldn't keep it down, sir.

And so they threw it overboard,
  Right into Boston Bay, sir:
Although in port, they all behaved
  In quite a seasick way, sir.

Columbia taught him, next, to make
  A Yankee pumpkin pie, sir;
And then she taught him how to bake
  Those Boston beans—oh my! sir.

So on internal revenue
That little Yankee throve, sir,
Columbia had enough to do
Just letting out his clothes, sir.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

JOHNNY'S PA

My pa he always went to school,
He says an' studied hard.
W'y, when he's just as old as me,
He knew things by the yard!
Arithmetic? he knew it all,
From dividend to sum,
But when he tells me how it was,
My grandma she says "hum!"

My pa he always got the prize
For never bein' late,
An' when they studied joggerfy,
He knew 'bout every state.
He says he knew the rivers an'
Knew all their outs and ins,
But when he tells us all of that
My grandma she just grins.

My pa he never missed a day
A-goin' to the school,
An' never played no hookey nor
Forgot the teacher's rule;

An' ev'ry class h's ever in
The rest he always led.
My grandma when pa talks that way
Just laughs and shakes her head.

My grandma says 'at boys is boys,
The same as pas is pas,
An' when I ast her what she means
She says it is "because."
She says 'at little boys is best
When they grow up to men,
Because they know how good they were
An' tell their children then.

—*Baltimore American.*

THE MUM FAMILY

There is a funny family,
Of which I often hear,
In which the difference in size
To me seems very queer.
The family, I judge, is small—
Two seems to be the sum—
And Minnie Mum the one is called;
The other, Max I. Mum.

Now Minnie Mum is always shown
To be exceeding small,
While Max I. Mum a giant is,
So very large and tall.

But hand in hand they march about
As fond as fond can be,
And proud they are to let the world
Their striking contrast see.

This thought I might have given you
In one short rhyming verse,
And that would be the minimum,
Or, what would be much worse,
Through stanzas something like a score
My muse I might let hum
To tell the same, and that, you see,
Would be the maximum.

—*Arthur J. Burdick.*

TWINS

Two dear little brothers I happen to know,
They are rosy and dimpled and wee,
But one tiny twin is a little bit slow,
While the other is brisk as a bee.

Your copy-book, from the first page to the back,
He travels with diligent care,
And behind him he leaves such a beautiful track
Of penmanship upright and fair.

Then grasping a pencil, he ventures to climb
A long row of figures, and so
Like Jack up the bean-stalk, one step at a time,
Straight on to the top he will go.

Then down the next column, in safety at last,
He comes without blunder or trip,
While his kind little twin holds the slate firm and fast,
For fear that perhaps it might slip.

For he likes to be useful, although he is slow,
And these good little brothers, they say,
Have never once quarreled, and always they go
Together to work or to play.

Though sometimes one brother (of course by mistake)
Cuts his twin with your little jack-knife,
Or pounds him instead of a nail, yet they make
Such mishaps no occasion for strife.

And now can you guess who these merry mates are?
Just think a bit ere you begin;
First, who is the brother that travels so far?
And who is his kind, helpful twin?

But if you can't guess them, why, then I must tell;
Look down in your lap; don't you see
Two nice, handy brothers, as sturdy and well,
And like as two brothers can be?

—*Persis Gardiner.*

LITTLE WALTER'S PA AS A DRIVER

My pa lived on a farm when he
Was just a little boy like me;
He used to drive the horses there
'Crost railroad tracks and everywhere.

One Sunday pa he said: "I guess
I'll get a horse to-day, and le's
Go buggy-ridin', fur away,
And take our lunch, and stay all day."

At first ma didn't like to go,
Because the horse might cut up so;
But pa said: "Pshaw! They'll be no harm,
'Cause once I lived out on a farm."

At last ma she give in, and then
She dressed the baby up, and when
Pa brought the horse and buggy, ma
Said: "Now, be careful, won't you, pa?"

"Oh, pshaw! Don't be afraid," pa said,
And told the horse to go ahead.
The baby was behind with ma,
And I set up in front with pa.

The horse went decent till at last
A notty mobile scootin' fast
Come tearin' down the road as though
It was wound up and had to go.

The horse stood up and pawed the air,
And something seemed to make pa's hair

All bristly, and his eyes—oh, gee!
But they looked queer, it seemed to me.

His face got white, and then he said
To me, a-whisperin', "We're dead!"
But we got by at last, and then
The horse behaved himself again.

When we were home ma said she knew
That pa would know just what to do.
She said she knew they'd be no harm,
'Cause pa had lived out on a farm.

And pa he held his head up high
And said "of course," and that was why
He took us out to ride, because
They'd be no danger where he was.

I wonder if God loves folks who
Pretend they don't do what they do,
And when you're scared enough to die
And don't let on, is that a lie?

—*S. E. Kiser.*

MY SCHOOL-DAY FRIENDS

Sometimes I go, reflectively,
On journeys retrospectively,
And for the moment dwell amid the scenes of long ago;

And on such outings, as a rule,
I wander to the dear old school,
And visit with the boys and girls whom there I used to know.

Perchance you were acquainted, too,
With many old-time friends I knew;
You may have met Ann Alysis and, also, Ann Elize;
Or, maybe, chummed with Algy Bray,
Or sauntered with Phil Osophy,
Or delved with Ed Ucation, who was wont to be so wise.

And there was Etta Mology,
Ah, yes, and Ann Thropology,
And Polly Gon and Polly Glot and Polly This and That;
You may have glanced at Ella Cution,
Cast a smile at Eva Lution,
Or with Ella Mentary enjoyed a little chat.

Now all those friends I used to see
Are half-forgotten dreams to me,
Yet once within my thoughts they held a quite important place;
But they commenced "commencement day"
From memory to slip away.
Till now I'd scarcely know them if I met them face to face.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

PRETTY SOON AND BY-AND-BY

Pretty Soon and By-and-By
  Call us day by day;
They are cunning, they are shy,
  Stealing time away:
Comes grave Opportunity
  Calling to us: "Rise,
Gird yourselves and follow me
  Out where glory lies";
But we linger, listening
  While the precious moments fly
To the luring song they sing
  Pretty Soon and By-and-By.

There are duties we have set
  For ourselves to do;
Most of mine are waiting yet,
  How is it with you?
There are kindly acts we mean
  To perform some day.
There are stains that we shall clean
  From our hearts away,
But we linger, loth to go,
  And we listen, you and I,
To their crooning soft and low,
  Pretty Soon and By-and-By.

Pretty Soon and By-and-By
  Seldom help to roll
Back obstructions hard and high
  That shut out the goal;

They are sirens singing where
  Failure's wasting time,
They have faces that are fair,
  But their feet are slime!
All around them bleaching bones
  Of their foolish victims lie—
Woe is in their luring tones,
  Pretty Soon and By-and-By.

A MENTAL FAMILY TREE

We were talking in the schoolyard about our family trees,
And Gertrude said hers could be traced to Sir Horatio Freeze;
And Rufe said he'd descended from the governor of a State;
And Louie mentioned ancestors of hers about as great,
While Reggie said his lineage embraced a lord, he knew;
And Nell from her great-great-grandsire obtained her blood so blue;
But neither of the little Smiths could say a single word;
For them to boast their ancient name of course would be absurd.

Then teacher, smiling slightly, said that she was much inclined
To think that there was such a thing as blue blood of the mind;
That those who studied hard (and here she beamed on Tommy Smith)
Had certainly descended from men of force and pith;
And those who loved to tend the sick and serve the weak and frail
Were morally related to Florence Nightingale.
(Here Jennie Smith blushed to the ears.) And when she saw a youth
(How bright she smiled at Johnny Smith) who always told the truth
At school, at home, or when he was at work or having fun

She knew him for a relative of General Washington.
But Reggie doesn't like such talk; he says it seems to throw
So much responsibility upon yourself, you know.

—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

UNCLE BILL

My Uncle Bill's the bestest man 'at you most ever met,
An' he's told me heaps of things—I ain't forgot 'em yet;

An' some of 'em's so wonderful 'at I don't hardly know—
An' yet for sure they must be right, 'cause Uncle Bill said so.

Uncle Bill, he says 'at when a boy is very, awful good,
An' don't do nothin' he oughtn't to, an' everything he should,
They put him in a museum, an' label him "Beware!
This comes of early pie-eat-he!" You'll never find me there!

An' then he says the moon is more'n a hundred miles away,
An' always has four quarters, too, an' not a cent to pay;
An' people there are luna-tics, an' from their very birth
They spend their time jest eatin' cheese an' rubberin' at the earth.

An' Uncle Bill he told me once a woman's like a rose,
All sweet an' fresh an' dewy, 'at on the home-brush grows,
Made to be loved an' cared for—they're thorny, too, I guess—
An' when you put 'em somewhere else they mostly make a mess.

An' he told me 'at Santa Claus lived up to the north pole,
An' used it for a poker when he stirred his winter coal;
When summer comes he takes an ax an' drives it in the ground,
An' that's the reason, plain enough, the north pole ain't been found.

An' he says, too, 'at gooseberries were not laid by a goose;
An' when a man is very tight is always when he's loose;
He says 'at old black Jason is the whitest man he knows;
'At codfish make the sea salt, an' a dandelion blows.

He says a man, to get along, must have a lot of sand;
An' then he says a whole lot more 'at I can't understand.
But I am goin' to keep right on a-learnin' more, until
Sometime when I get big I'll know as much as Uncle Bill.

—*W. H. Pierce.*

THE OLD MILLPOND

Did you ever brave the perils
  Of the vasty deep?
Where the bullfrog moans and mumbles
  And the tadpoles weep?
Ah, but I have, and I cherish
  Recollections fond
Of those days of navigation
  On the old millpond.

There were Charlie, Frank and Oscar
  And myself; we four
Sailed that vast expanse of water
  Very often o'er.
Brave, intrepid were the seamen,
  Steady was our craft—
Odds and ends of bits of lumber
  Made into a raft.

Once we visited an island,
  Wishing to explore,
And we moored our trusty vessel
  On the island's shore.
While we roamed, the land exploring,
  Unconcerned and gay,
Ruthless waves our craft belabored,
  Washed the raft away.

But to seamen such as we were,
  Traversing the wave,
Shipwreck was a trifling matter—
  We were dauntless, brave.

Tying up our clothes in bundles,
So they dry would keep,
Naked swam we to the mainland
Through the vasty deep.

Many years have passed since that day;
Sailors still are we,
Buffeting the waves that roll on
Life's tempestuous sea;
But through all the storms I cherish
Recollections fond
Of those days of navigation
On the old millpond.

—*Arthur J. Burdick.*

VACATION SONG

Tune: "Suwanee River."

Once comes again the joyous season,
Summer is here;
School over, work and study ended,
Vacation dear!
Hear the woodland voices calling,
Birdies, brooks and flowers.
Haste from the hot and crowded city,
Rest in the fragrant bowers.

All through the bright and gladsome Summer
Vacation's ours;
Joyous we hail with happy freedom
Long, sunny, restful hours.
Hail, Vacation, happy season,
Books now closed must be,
Green woodland shade so cool invites us,
Spreading its balm so free.

When the yellow leaves and red of Autumn
Tinge forest grand,
Then to the now deserted school-room
Turns back the merry band.
Now, Vacation we will hasten
Far from toil and care,
September's call again will find us
Ready for duty there.

—*A. M. K.*

FOR FLAG DAY, JUNE 14.

This little flag a secret has
That it would like to tell;
It whispers softly: Betsey Ross
Did all her tasks so well
That when they wished good needlework
To grace a banner fair,
'Twas said, 'Oh, she's the very one

Who must our flag prepare!' ''
Hear each flag echo: ''You and I
Must do our best in all we try.''

The flag would speak of Betsey Ross;
I hear it say to me:
''She looked for beauty everywhere,
And trained her eyes to see;
So she could show the generals
That 'mong the stars we know,
The shape most pretty smiles above
Where five points dance and glow.''

And now we hear from every star:
''Teach eyes to see where beauties are.''

My flag now says of Betsey Ross
Some things we should regard.
''She did not fear to undertake
A task that might prove hard,
She heard the tone of duty's voice,
And answered with a will,
And now a nation comes to praise
Her handiwork and skill.''

And stripes are singing as they wave
''Though tasks are hard, let hearts be brave.''

—*Lettie Sterling.*

PROBLEMS FOR THE FOURTH

'Twas a warm June day, and the children in
school
Were quite strongly tempted to break every rule;
And they sighed and they fidgeted over each
sum,
And wondered if three o'clock never would come;
For to multiply nine by a hundred and five,
Subtract seven pints from eight quarts, or con-
trive
To divide eighty trees into seventeen rows
Is not quite so easy as some folks suppose!
So the dear little girls and the dear little boys
Sat wishing for vacation time and its joys,
When the teacher looked up from the book on his
knees,
And said, "Now, dear children, all look at me,
please.
If the first of July comes next Monday, who
knows
What day Thursday'll be?" Then a glad shout
arose—
"The Fourth of July!" Every youngster knew
that,
And answered as quick as the drop of a hat!
"Correct!" said the teacher. "Now, Sylvia Knox,
If giant torpedoes cost five cents a box,
How many such boxes will fifty cents buy?"

And Sylvia answered ere you could spell "fly,"
"Ten boxes, sir." "Yes," cried the teacher, that's right!
I wonder what's happened to make you so bright!
Johnny Jones, firecrackers are three cents a bunch.
If you use up twelve packs between daybreak and lunch,
And you had just two dollars at first in your pockets,
How much would be left for squibs, pinwheels and rockets?"
Then you should have seen how the children set to
To find out the answer ere Johnny was through.
And you should have seen all their hands raised at once!
Every child knew the answer; there wasn't one dunce!
So with sums in punk, powder, volcanoes and strings
Of Japanese lanterns, the time flew on wings.
And at last, when the children were sent off to play,
Johnny Jones called to Sylvia Knox, "Oh, I say!
Don't you wish 'twas to-morrow instead of to-day,
'Cause then we could go back to school right away?"

—*Wilfred E. Knollys.*

TIMOTHY BROWN

Oh, Timothy Brown was a terrible scamp, and lessons he voted a bore!
French, grammar, geography, history, sums, he vowed he'd not learn any more.
At the end of a year he knew nothing at all about anything under the sun—
French, grammar, geography, history, sums, he'd forgotten them every one.

One day a rich uncle said, "Timothy Brown, I'll ask you a question or two.
If I'm 45, and you're younger than I, how much am I older than you?"
Well, Timothy Brown he thought for awhile, and at last he discovered this fact,
That he hadn't a notion how long he'd been born, and he didn't know how to subtract.

"Come, when is your birthday? I'll give you a tip," said his uncle, and patted his pate,
But Timothy Brown he burst into tears, he couldn't remember the date!
That's the end of the story of Timothy Brown—
A story that's perfectly true.
And perhaps there's a moral for no one at all, and perhaps there's a moral for you!

—Eric Parker, in November St. Nicholas.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

Gee! But I'd some fun las' night.
  Kate's a feller on the string.
Thinks he knows an awful sight—
  Green as grass, or anything!
She kep' lookin' at the clock,
  Motionin' fer me to go;
But I set there like a rock
  Jest a-grinnin' at her beau.

He'd say suthin' dretful low—
  Git his head down clost to her'n,
'N' I'd cough, 'n' she would grow
  Red, as if her face would burn,
'N' they'd set up kind o' straight
  Fer a spell; but bimeby Jim
He'd fergit, 'n' lop to'rds Kate,
  'N' she'd kind o' lop to'rds him.

'N' I'd cough ag'in. Gee whiz!
  How they'd jump! 'n Kate would say:
"What a nuisance some folks is!"
  'N' glare at me the worst way.
'N' they'd eat 'n' eat 'n' eat
  From his candy-box, and she—
My! she'd try to look so sweet,
  'Ceptin' when she looked at me!

Bimeby, all to wunst, he said,
  Kind o' softsoap like to me:
"Time all good boys went to bed.
  Here's some choc'lit creams," sez he.

"Take 'em, take 'em, bub, 'n' skip."
First I tho't I wouldn't go;
But if I let that chance slip
'Nother mightn't come, you know.

So I grabbed the box 'n' run.
How he grinned—you ort to see!—
When I hollered, jest fer fun:
"Say, kiss Kate good-night fer me."
Kate's been findin' fault, I know,
Fer ma sez to me, to-day:
"Nex' time Jim comes here, you go
Right straight off to bed 'n' stay."

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

VAIN LITTLE DANDELIONS

The dandelions, on the green,
Were very bright and pretty;
But oh, so very vain they were
Of all their wealth of golden hair;
It really was a pity.

A southern breeze came by one day
And gave them ardent greeting:
Though many flattering things he said
They never turned a golden head
To all his soft entreating.

One day they found their golden hair
With shining silver threaded:

But they were fairer still to view,
And so puffed up, with pride, they grew,
They really were light headed.

The southern breeze came round again
And, though rebuff he dreaded,
He softly whispered, "Oh, how fair!"
They silent stood, with stately air.
He touched their fluffy, shining hair
And left them all baldheaded.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

THE WISH OF THE SMALL BOY

I wish my clothes was pasted on my back, jes' like a dog's,
Or like th' bark that's fastened on a pile of hemlock logs;
Then every time I trimmed my kite, or jigged my little boat,
An' started out, I wouldn't hear: "Oh, Johnny, where's your coat?"

About th' time I'm ready fer t' drill a little well
Down by th' old green waterin'-trough, then ma or sister Nell
Comes out upon th' porch an' calls: "Ho, Johnny, where's your hat?
You'll get a sunstroke runnin' roun' bareheaded, boy, like that!"

Th' fellers of my gang come up an' holler at our gate:
"Come on, we're goin' fishin', Jack!" But. gee! I got t' wait
Till ma has sewed a button on an' stitched a rippin' hem
'Fore I kin git my fishin'-pole, an' foller after 'em.

One day when me an' Nell was huntin' berries down th' lane
Th' hired man rattled by—he had a wagon-load of grain;
An' he'd a'taken me along, if Nell jes' hadn't said:
"He can't go into town without a hat upon his head."

In winter, when th' sleddin' an' th' skatin's comin' in,
I never leave th' house but what I'm ordered back ag'in
T' bundle up "in somethin' warm"—an' so I've got t' tote
A pair of skates an' rubber shoes an' gloves an' overcoat!

An' after supper, when th' spooks of night begin t' creep,
I get t' lookin' in the fire, an' sudden fall asleep;
Then pa, he has t' lift me up, an' while I nod an' doze,

Ma turns th' covers on my bed, an' he slips off
my clothes.

An' in th' mornin', when th' birds is singin' in
th' trees,
I'm later gittin' out than all th' chipmunks an'
the bees,
Jes' cause I have t' sit aroun' a-pullin' at a shoe
That won't go on fer knotted strings, or cause it's
wet with dew.

That's why I wish my coat was pasted on me, like
a dog's,
Or like th' bark that's fastened on a pile of hem-
lock logs;
Then every time I wished t' have a swim or take a
doze
I wouldn't have t' wait till I had shed my Sunday
clothes.

—Aloysius Coll.

THE SQUIRREL'S PHILOSOPHY

Yes, I'm a queer fellow—a curious chap—
I chatter and frisk over every mishap;
When things seem forbidding, horizons loom gray,
I still find the sunshine, just over the way—
Here's a nut ready cracked, you may pass it
around.

You never will yet keep a squirrel on the ground!
It is not my nature to grovel, you see,
I'm off, with a bound, to the top of the tree!
While seemingly dancing and laughing in play,
I gather my hoard for the cold winter day.

Remember, my friend, for the lesson is clear,
Don't yield to "the blues" and look solemn and queer;
But up with the dawn and the squirrel never stop.
And choice nuts of wisdom we'll gather and drop;
For the gloomy old world we can brighten with song.
Just carol a bit, as you journey along,
Keep working and saving to add to your store;
But, if you should lose it, why, start in for more!
One kernel of truth you can treasure from me:
The finest nuts grow in the top of the tree.

WILLY NILLY

Once, upon an autumn day,
Down the road I chanced to stray,
When I saw a little squirrel, in a tree:
And I said, "Oh tell me, pray,
Why you work, this pleasant day?
And what makes you chatter, chatter as in glee?"
"I must store my nuts away
For a stormy winter day."
And he chattered, chattered, chattered merrily.

Then a little bee came near
Full of business, 'twas clear,
And he sang a little song of busy cheer.
And I said, "Oh, busy bee,
Come and rest a while, with me."
But the busy bee made answer, "Much I fear
Winter days are coming soon,
When the flowers cease to bloom,"
And went singing to a blossom growing near.

But alas, alack a day!
For the next to pass that way
Was a weeping little laddie, sad to see.
On his forehead was a frown
And his mouth was drawing down:
And I said, "Whatever can the matter be?"
"Oh, I have to go to school,
Mind the lessons and the rule."
And went weeping, weeping, weeping on his way.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

"G"

There's a little bit of a fellow whose name you all know well,
Who has a pitiful grievance of which I wish to tell.
He makes but little pretension, is satisfied all the while
To linger around the ends of things and finish them up in style.

But plenty of boys and girls, he says, and folk much older, too,
Seem often bent on slighting him in a way they shouldn't do.
They're cuttin' him off and shuttin' him out and snubbin' him, one by one,
Till he really can scarcely hear himself from morn to set of sun.
Dressin' and eatin' and drinkin'—they're always keepin' him down.
While talkin', too, and studyin', too, or goin' about the town.
Now I want to put it before you the boys and girls and all,
If it isn't mean and unfair and hard to crowd against the wall
And shove him out of his proper place—set him off on a shelf—
A wee little modest fellow who can never help himself?
And the worst of it all is coming, that when this wrong you do
It is not only bad for him, but very much worse for you.
So now, young friends, with your dainty ways, who always wish to please,
Don't let your tongues do careless work, but try and mind your g's.

—*Sidney Dayre.*

JUST A MINUTE

A boy once faced a task, and knew
  He should begin it;
He could not start to put it through
  For "just a minute."
And though the case demanded speed,
He could not move just then; but he'd
Be ready for it—yes, indeed,
  In "just a minute."

His purposes were out of rhyme
  By "just a minute."
The whole world seemed ahead of time
  By "just a minute."
He could not learn to overhaul
His many duties, large and small,
But made them wait, both one and all,
  For "just a minute."

In manhood he was still delayed
  By "just a minute."
He might have won, had fortune stayed
  For "just a minute."
But at the end of life he railed
At cruel fate, and wept and wailed,
Because he knew that he had failed
  By "just a minute."

—*Answers.*

BOYS

Now, if anyone has an easy time
  In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family,
  For his hands are always full.
I'd like to ask, who fills the stove?
  Where is the girl who could?
Who brings in water, who lights the fire,
And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks
  After hours of snowing?
In summer, who keeps down the weeds,
  By diligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse,
  When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage off?
  The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things
  Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man,"
  And really deserves a pension.
Friends! Just praise the boy sometimes,
  When he does his very best;
And don't always want the easy chair
  When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
  To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
  As well as to be seen.

That boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working
His level best for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some hearty praise!
He is not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys.

WHEN THOMAS TAKES HIS PEN

Young Thomas Jones came home from school with
sad and solemn air;
He did not kiss his mother's cheek nor pull his
sister's hair;
He hungered not for apples, and he spoke in dis-
mal tones;
'Twas very clear misfortune drear had happened
Thomas Jones.

"My precious child," his mother cried, "what,
what is troubling you?
You're hurt—you're ill—you've failed in school!
Oh, tell us what to do!"

Then Thomas Jones made answer in a dull, despairing way:
"I've got to write an essay on "The Indian To-day."

His tallest sister ran to him, compassion in her eye;
His smallest sister pitied him—nor knew the reason why;
And all that happy family forsook its work and play
To hunt up information on "The Indian To-day."

They read of Hiawatha and of sad Ramona's woe—
You found encyclopedias where'er they chanced to go.
They bought a set of Cooper, and they searched it through and through,
While Thomas Jones sat mournfully and told them what to do.

For three whole days the library was like a moving van.
"Is Mr. Jones," each caller asked, "a literary man?"
And day by day more pitiful became young Thomas' plight,
Because, alas! the more he read, the more he could not write.

"Write what you know," his mother begged (she stirred not from his side).

"I do not know one single thing!" that wretched
child replied.
"Oh, help me, won't you? Don't you care?"
Then, when assistance came:
"Don't tell me—don't! It isn't fair!" he pleaded
just the same.

The night before the fateful day was quite the
worst of all.
Black care upon the house of Jones descended like
a pall.
All pleasure paled, all comfort failed, and laughter
seemed a sin;
For "Oh, to-morrow," Thomas wailed, "it must
be handed in!"

When, lo! the voice of Great-aunt Jones came
sternly through the door;
"I cannot stand this state of things one single
minute more!
The training of a fractious child is plainly not my
mission;
But—Thomas Jones, go straight upstairs and write
that composition!"

And Thomas Jones went straight upstairs, and sat
him down alone,
And—though I grant a stranger thing was surely
never known—
In two short hours he returned serenely to display
Six neatly-written pages on "The Indian To-
day!"

His teacher read them to the class, and smiled a
well-pleased smile;
She praised the simple language and the calmly
flowing style;
"For while," she said, "he does not rise to any
lofty height,
'Tis wonderful how easily young Thomas Jones
can write."

—*Elsie Hill, in St. Nicholas.*

GAB

I reckon if speed had been sprawl,
He'd a-clim' to the very top notch.
As it was, though, he made jest one crawl
To a perch in a next-the-ground crotch.
As others went climbin', he balked
In Industry's towerin' tree.
He sot and he talked and he talked and he talked,
"Says I and says he and says she!"

There was men didn't know half as much
And hadn't the science o' gab.
But they clim' like the very old Dutch,
With their grit and their gumption and grab.
But he, though he knowed it most all,
Sot poundin' the trunk of the tree,
Contented to argy and bicker and brawl:
"Says I and says she and says he!"

His neighbors went gruntin' up past,
A-diggin' their toe-nails right in,
To trunk and to limb clingin' fast,
Jest bound and determined to win.
He'd say as he'd see 'em go by,
"I'll ketch ye all right up the tree!"
And then his old tongue would unlimber and fly:
"Says I and says he and says she!"

For years his good wife kept him propped
As he sot there a-straddle that limb;
He didn't take heed—would 'a' dropped
If she hadn't clung holt of her Jim.
So tarnal took up with his tongue
That he hadn't no eyes for to see
How she sp'iled while he'd sot there a-pumpin' a lung:
"Says I and says he and says she!"

His neighbors they propped him a spell
When death had unloosened her holt,
But at last they unclinched and he fell,
And he fetched the poor-farm with a jolt.
There he tells how it all might 'a' ben,
Explains how the world ought to be;
How he'd do if he only could try it again:
"Says I and says she and says he!"

—*Holman F. Day.*

NOBILITY

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as our measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to glory
Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor
And nothing so loyal as love.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the thing which its gets,

For good lieth not in pursuing
  Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
  As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating
  Against the world, early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
  Our part is to work and to wait.
And slight is the sting of his trouble
  Whose winnings are less than his worth!
For he who is honest is noble,
  Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE HARD-WORK PLAN

From the lowest depths of poverty
  To the highest heights of fame,
From obscureness of position
  To a bright and shining name,
From the mass of human beings
  Who compose the common clan,
You can earn your way to greatness
  By the Hard-Work Plan.

'Twas the key to Lincoln's progress,
  'Twas the route to Webster's fame;
And Garfield, by this method,
  To distinction laid his claim;

And all the earth's noblest heroes,
Since this old world first began,
Have earned their way to honor
By the Hard-Work Plan.

I knew a rich old banker's son,
Who had no aim in view
But just to sit around and loaf;
'Twas all he had to do.
"The 'Old Man,'" he said, "will keep me,"
And "I don't have to pay."
He earns his bread and butter now
At fifty cents a day.

And then I knew another lad;
His folks had money, too;
He didn't sit around and "loaf,"
But found some work to do.
The neighbors all were proud of him;
Say they, "He'll make a man,"
He earned his way to greatness
By the Hard-Work Plan.

Go read the lives of men of note,
Consider their success;
What gave them wealth and eminence?
Did luck or genius bless?
Biography will tell us that
The race through which they ran,
Was the contest known to history
As the Hard-Work Plan.

Don't worry over genius;
  Don't say you have no brain;
Don't sit and watch the stars of hope
  Till the clouds bring up a rain;
But up and toil along the road,
  And travel with the van,
And earn your way to greatness
  By the Hard-Work Plan.

—*Jonathan Jones, in Success.*

"MISTRESS AND MAID"

Oh! what shall I do, or where shall I go?
My "maid" has just gone. O dear, what a blow!
She says that I'm cranky, and ugly to boot,
And she banged the front door as a parting salute.

The woes of a "mistress" no limit can know;
For this "maid" is stupid, that one too slow;
Another one saucy, with tongue like a sword,
Then one comes who doesn't earn even her board.

How I long with Robinson Crusoe to change:
No complaints did he hear of his "old kitchen range."
No "improvements" were looked for upon his domain,
While questions of "nights out" ne'er troubled his brain.

Why was I not taught the mysterious "art,"
The making of bread or of light, flaky tart?
I can play the piano, embroider a screen,
But my cakes are the worst I ever have seen.

My palette and brush were in constant demand,
But to "tickle the palate" I ne'er tried my hand;
Were my baking as light as my once dancing feet,
A much greater pleasure 'twould then be to eat.

The language of pickle to me is quite "dead,"
For recipes never would stay in my head;
Like "Meg" the woe-begone story I tell,
"I'm tired to death, and the jelly won't jell!"

I never was taught how to handle a broom,
Yet I was the first in gymnasium room;
So now, when disorder and dirt reign supreme,
Order out of such chaos I never redeem.

O mothers! whose daughters stand now on the brink
Where childhood's hours into womanhood sink,
Let this be the record of each one to tell:
"To the ways of her household she looketh full well."

—*Florence N. Wright, in Good Housekeeping.*

A POOR TOWN TO LIVE IN

There's a queer little town—I wonder if you've
seen it—
"Let-some-one-else-do-it" 's the name of the
place,
And all of the people who've lived there for ages,
Their family tree from the Wearies can trace!

The streets of this town, so ill kept and untidy,
And almost deserted from morning till noon,
Are, "In-just-a-minute"—you'll see on the lamp-
post—
"O-well-there's-no-hurry," and "Yes-pretty-
soon."

The principal work that they do in this hamlet
(There isn't a person who thinks it a crime)
Is loafing and dozing, but most of the people
Are engaged in the traffic of just-killing-time.

I pray you, don't dwell in this town overcrowded;
There are others nearby it most wondrously fair.
The roads that lead to them—and each one is
open—
Are "Push," "Pluck," and "Ready," "This-
minute," and "Dare."

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

ON A DRY-GOODS BOX

CHARACTERS.

SAM LOAFER, SMALL GIRL, SEVERAL BOYS, BRISK GENTLEMAN, MERCHANT.

SAM LOAFER, a rather untidy man seated on a dry-goods box, whittling.

Sam (soliloquy).—Well, it seems sort of lonesome this morning. Wonder where the boys are? This must be gettin' to be an unfashionable street, too. Hain't a woman or girl passed yet. Don't give me no chance to display my talent. I ought to have a place on the editorial staff as fashion editor. Jest ought to hear me take off old Mrs. Fleshly's stockin's, or how Miss Stylish holds up her skirt: sets the boys a-roaring every time. [*Little girl comes along. Stops and rubs hand over box.*]

Sam.—What ye lookin' for, sis?

Little Girl.—I wanted to see how smooth the box was. My papa says you've worn it smooth just sitting on it."

Sam.—Your dad had better mind his business.

Little Girl.—Oh, he does! He works real hard. My mama is afraid he works *too* hard. But she says she's glad he isn't such a good-for-nothing as you are."

Sam.—Your ma's tongue is hung in the middle an' runs at both ends.

Little Girl (Indignantly.)—My mama's tongue is all right. But she says *you've* got an awful foul tongue. Good-bye, Mr. Loafer, I'm 'fraid I'll be late to school. [*Skips off.*]

Sam.—S'pose her ma's been hearin' some of my sharp remarks. Well, she'd better watch out or she might hear some more of 'em. Shakespeare, or somebody, says "the tongue is sharper'n a two-edged sword." I reckon that's so, 'specially when it's a sharp feller that's waggin' it.

[*Several boys stop, in passing.*]

Boy.—Hello, Sam! What you whittling out today? You ought to try your hand at barbering; you're a tip-top shaver.

Sam (Complacently.)—Yes, I reckon I'm sharp enough to shave 'most anything.

Another Boy.—Might try your hand at wood carving, Sam. You have a positive genius for it.

Sam.—Yes; I reckon my talents air rather divarsified. Maybe you didn't know I was up on fashion notes.

Boy.—No, we didn't. Thought you were up on a dry goods box, most of the time.

Sam.—Now, look a-here, boys, don't get too fresh or I'll get up on my ear an' lick the whole passel of ye.

Boy.—Can't do it, Sam.

Boy.—Too big a job.

Boy.—You ain't in training; muscles of your legs too weak. [*Pass on, laughing.*]

Gentleman (Passing briskly.)—Hello, Sam! Where's the rest of the board of trade? Getting *bored,* eh?

Sam.—Well, now, wonder what he means by that.

Merchant (Coming from back of stage as if coming out of store.)—Good morning, Sam; I don't like to disturb an old retainer, but I guess I shall have to ask you to find a seat on some one else's dry goods box. The fact is the ladies declare they won't come this way so long as you sit there. Hasn't been one in the store this morning, and that makes a big difference in trade.

Sam (Sheepishly.)—A sort of feminine boy-cot, eh? Well, I don't want to clog the busy wheels of trade. You might put up a notice that the fashion editor had changed his location. Don't want to stay no longer, anyway. The sun's gettin' 'round an' this blamed old dry goods box is gettin' too hot. So-long.

Merchant.—Good-bye, Sam.

[*Sam passes off at side, merchant at back.*]

—Harriet D. Castle.

WHEN MOTHER GOOSE TAUGHT SCHOOL

Reading and Pantomime

Costumes

The costumes are too familiar to require description excepting, perhaps, the Three Bears. Let each wear a fur coat, the Father Bear a silk hat, the Mother Bear a wide frilled cap and spectacles, and the Baby Bear a child's sunbonnet.

Have old chairs with paper bottoms pasted on.

Pantomime

The pantomime should be continuous. Enlarge upon suggestions, taking care to keep in character and do the thing mentioned in the rhyme at the right time.

Little Boy Blue settles himself for nap.

Bo-Peep goes about asking if anyone has seen her sheep and weeping.

Mother Hubbard's dog comes in, with children, and frisks about.

Jack Horner seats himself in corner, eats pie, pulls plums, etc.

The Three Bears drink milk from pans, in cupboard, sit in chairs, etc.

Dame Trot, with her staff, and an artificial cat upon her shoulder, trots around briskly and gossips.

The Prince enters, with Cinderella on arm. He talks (in pantomime) while she listens with downcast eyes.

The Queen of Hearts makes tarts.

Jack Spratt and wife investigate cupboard; find and eat meat.

The Children in a Shoe are full of pranks and need discipline.

Mother Goose fills Red Ridinghood's basket with cake.

Pie-man offers his wares and teases Simon.

Miss Muffet seats herself on old-fashioned settee and swings feet.

Fiddlers Three play (in pantomime) and King Cole dances.

Old Woman who swept cobwebs sets large brush broom beside her and studies diligently.

Little Bachelor brings in wife on wheelbarrow. She is surrounded by old-fashioned bandboxes. Little Bachelor is devoted and anxious for her comfort.

Neighbors offer congratulations. Handshaking, etc.

Tom, the piper's son, shows and praises stolen pig.

Mother Goose and Old Woman with bells are kept busy attending to accidents.

The Stage

Have an opening at back of stage about the size of a double door.

Curtain rises on old-fashioned living room occupied by Mother Goose and Old Woman with bells on toes. Both are in Mother Goose costumes and smiling broadly.

Let the reader make a short pause at conclusion of second verse, while Old Woman rings bell and children come trooping in and arrange themselves in pantomime. Other slight pauses may be expedient.

Old Mother Goose she kept a school
All on a summer day:
She never made a single rule;
Just let the children play.
[1] At nine o'clock the bell was rung,
(For so the story goes,)
By the musical Old Woman
With bells upon her toes.
Little Boy Blue—alas, 'tis true!
Slept all the live long day:

And poor Bo-Peep, her naughty sheep
Went skipping far away.

[2] Jack and Jill ran down the hill
And wouldn't bring the water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.
The good old dame, who swept the sky,
Was quiet as could be:
She bent a rapt and studious eye
On New Astronomy.

[3] Dame Hubbard's dog he laughed and laughed
And stood upon his head:
But, when the dame to find him came,
Her dear old dog was dead.

[4] Jack Horner got the stomach ache
From eating Christmas pie.

[5] And, sad to tell, the baby fell
Down from a tree top high.
Then the Three Bears got all the chairs
And broke the bottoms out.

[6] Poor Dame Trot got sciatica,
From standing up, no doubt.
The kitchen clock said, "Tock, tick, tock,"
And solemnly struck twelve.

[7] The lovely Cinderella seemed
To be beside herself.

[8] Away she fled!—so fast she sped
She lost her slipper small.

[9] In vain the handsome Prince pursued
And frantic'ly did call:

He saw naught but a kitchen maid
Who shrank beside the wall.

[10] In the big pot the porridge hot
Was smoking just at noon:
Alack a day! the dishes gay
Ran off with all the spoons.

[11] The Queen of Hearts she burned her tarts
And all her Christmas pie.

[12] The little kits that lost their mits
They all began to cry.
Jack Spratt, so mean, ate all the lean,
His wife ate all the fat.
No pie, no meat, no spoons to eat
The porridge; think of that!

[13] The children in a shoe all cried
For "lasses" on their bread
Till the old woman spanked them well
And sent them off to bed.

[14] In the deep wood Red-Ridinghood
Went straying, far away,
Until she met a hungry wolf
Who ate her up, they say.

[15] The pieman teased poor Simon
Till he lost his simple wits.

[16] The spider scared Miss Muffet
Till she had hysteric fits.
The bachelor and his new wife,
So late of London-town,
Found, early, that e'en married life
Has dreadful ups and downs.

[17] The 'barrow broke—oh, such a joke!
The bride came tumbling down,
With all the wedding finery
She'd brought from London-town.
The Fiddlers Three played, merrily,
Until the sun went down:
And old King Cole, the jolly soul,
[18] Danced till he lost his crown.
'Twas naughty Tom, the piper's son,
A stolen pig did bring.
[19] But when he saw the butcher-man
He ran off, bellowing.
[20] Dogs barked, the children laughed and cried,
Fiddles got out of tune,
[21] The staid old cow was frightened so
She jumped clear over the moon.
[22] The Superintendent came to call
And he was scandalized;
"The most unruly school of all
I've seen in all my life!"
[23] So Mother Goose she sent them home
And made a cup of tea:
"Without a doubt, I'm not cut out
For teachin' school," said she.

[1] Old Woman with bells on toes takes off slipper, with bells attached, and "calls school."

[2] Jack Horner comes sprawling into opening at back, Jill tumbles after; pail comes rolling. Mother Goose and Old Woman tie up Jack's head.

[3] Enter Mother Hubbard, with basket of bones. Dog plays "dead dog." Mother Hubbard weeps.

[4] Jack Horner has stomach ache. Old Woman uses amusing remedies.

[5] Let some one drop a large baby doll from above stage. Mother Goose goes through pantomime of hushing screaming baby.

[6] Dame Trot limps painfully.

[7] Reader pauses while clock strikes twelve. Cinderella is greatly excited.

[8] Cinderella runs out opening at back.

[9] Prince pursues.

[10] Mother Goose stirs porridge with large spoon. A row of wooden plates, with spoons fastened to them, have been reposing on a shelf across top of opening, at back. The tops of plates are fastened to a rod, which rests in brackets, on each side, behind scenes. Some one, behind scenes, lifts rod, at proper time, dangles it a moment, to make plates, cut antics, then lifts it out of sight. Old Woman, who was just reaching up for a plate, raises hands and gazes in astonishment and fright. Mother Goose also gazes.

[11] The Queen of Hearts opens oven door and makes gestures of dismay.

[12] Reader pauses. Loud ma-eowing behind scenes.

[13] Children in Shoe draw faces and wipe eyes with knuckles, handkerchiefs and aprons. Old Woman in Shoe spanks.

[14] Red-Ridinghood goes out opening at back.

[15] Simon rushes about, crying.

[16] Some one lowers, from above, a large artificial spider attached to a thread. Miss Muffet has hysterics. Spider spins up. Mother Goose applies remedies.

[17] Wheelbarrow breaks, or is overturned. Bride and bandboxes roll out. Little Bachelor, Old Woman and others hasten to help. Bears deck themselves with bridal finery.

[18] King Cole loses crown.

[19] Enter butcher with white apron and whip. Simon runs out. Butcher pursues.

[20] Pantomine grows fast and furious. Dog comes to life, Children in Shoe wake up, Jack's head and Jack Horner's stomach are painful, Bride weeps over finery, Little Bachelor pursues Bears, Mother Hubbard tosses Tree Top Baby, Jack Spratt and wife quarrel over last bite of meat, Boy Blue wakens and blows horn, Spider dangles from above and Miss Muffet is worse, likewise Dame Trot, Bo-Peep grows frantic. Simon steals tart and Queen of Hearts spanks him, Jill gets fast in bottomless chair, Fiddlers play faster and King Cole increases speed, Father Bear overturns the Pie-man and his wares, Mother Goose and Old Woman rush from one patient to the other, etc.

[21] Paint cow on stiff pasteboard (might be stiffened by wires on back). Fasten to rod by fine wires; move into opening, at back, a few moments before she is mentioned. Lift suddenly.

[22] The Superintendent, an old-fashioned gentleman, appears at back: raises hands and looks scandalized.

[23] Mother Goose raps on table. Children make disorderly exit. Mother Goose sinks into chair exhausted. Old Woman fans her. She revives. They tidy up room and make a cup of tea. Dishes take places on shelf. Cow gazes in placidly. Curtain falls on Mother Goose and Old Woman taking tea.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

THREE QUEENS

Dialogue with songs set to familiar airs.

Characters and Costumes

Queen of May—White dress, crown and scepter of flowers.

Queen of Flowers—White dress adorned with flowers.

Children—White dresses and bright sashes.

Fairy Queen—Pale green dress. Long green hose. Tiny wings on shoulders. Star above forehead. Make dress skirt very short and full. The dress and wings might be made of pale green tissue paper.

Fairies—Same as queen—without star.

Brownies—Funny little brownie costumes.

The Stage

Insert may-pole in substantial socket. Place hoop at top so that it will turn. Hang streamers of ribbon, or bright colored cambric from hoop. Decorate a pretty chair, for throne. Children trip around May pole, holding streamers and singing.

Merry May.

Air—"Lightly Row"

Sing and shout, sing and shout,
Echoes tell it all about,
Shout and say, shout and say,
" 'Tis the merry May."
Sing of grasses tender green,
Flowers peeping up between,
Fresh and gay, fresh and gay,
As the merry May.

Sweetest note, sweetest note,
In the song bird's swelling throat,
Roundelay, roundelay,
  Of the merry May.
Never song can sweeter be
In your wondrous orchestra:
Roundelay, roundelay,
  Of the merry May.

Shout and sing, shout and sing,
Sweetest song in all the Spring,
Always sung, always sung,
  When the year is young.
Sing of grasses tender green,
Fleecy clouds that float, serene:
Sing to-day, sing to-day,
  Of the merry May.

Enter two girls, one carrying wreath and the other scepter. Some of the children run to meet them.

Mary—Here comes the maids of honor with the crown and scepter.

Alice—Is the queen coming?

First Maid of Honor—Yes, pretty soon. We are all to go and meet her. Did the boys bring the baskets?

Mary (pointing to baskets at back of stage)—Yes, there they are: brim full of good things, too.

Second Maid of Honor—Let us leave the crown and scepter here. [They place crown and scepter

on throne.] Come on, girls; we are to meet and escort the queen.

Alice—Come, all ye good and loyal subjects.

Girls pass off humming Merry May. Brownies come on, tripping, skipping and turning somersets. Finally settle themselves and sing.

Five Little Brownies.

Air—"Little Brown Jug"

Five little brownies, don't you see?
We're full of fun as we can be.
Reason we're so small, you know,
Can't stand still for roots to grow.

Chorus.

Ah, ha, ha, don't you see?
Five little brownie boys are we.

Five little brownies, understand,
Just arrived from Mischief Land.
If we chance to do our worst
Laugh until your buttons burst.

Chorus.

The Queen of Fairies is our queen:
She thinks our tricks are rather mean.
When she takes us by surprise
Brownies have to 'pologize.

Chorus.

Brownies scatter about stage, seize ribbons and run around may-pole, get tangled in ribbons and fall and cut all sorts of antics. One picks up scepter and struts around with it; another climbs on throne, seats himself and puts on crown. They discover the lunch baskets

and help themselves to pie and cake. They pause, in consternation, at sound of music, then scamper off with crown, scepter and fragments of food. Enter Queen of May and attendants. Several small girls scatter flowers before her. Attendants sing. Brownies peep from scenes.

Hail to the Queen.

Air—"Red, White and Blue"

All hail to the Queen of the May-time,
The queen of the beautiful May.
'Tis flower time and song time and play time,
When all things awake and are gay.
The mandate, that bids us assemble,
We joyfully haste to obey;
Thy banners of green are a-tremble;
They float from the tree tops to-day.

Chorus.

All hail to the Queen of the May!
All hail to the Queen of the May!
With her banners of green floating o'er us,
All hail to the Queen of the May.

Old Winter waged wide desolation,
And threatened our land to deform:
But, as she has done since creation,
The May Queen rode safe through the storm.
The Frost King went fleeing before her,
And Winter was driven away:
No wonder we praise and adore her.
All hail to the Queen of the May!

Chorus.

Maids of Honor have gone on ahead to throne. Finding the crown and sceptor gone they fall on knees before queen.

First Maid of Honor—Oh, your majesty! your majesty! the crown and scepter are gone!

Second Maid of Honor—We laid them on the throne, never thinking but what they would be safe.

Queen of May—Do not distress yourselves. You did quite right. It is an unheard of occurrence. It grieves us much that such a thing should happen in our domain. The loss of our crown jewels is nothing in comparison.

Brownie (aside to audience)—S'pect she'd lick a fellow!

First Maid of Honor—But, your majesty, how can we proceed with the coronation?

Queen of May—We will defer it. The Queen of Flowers, who has charge of my jewels, will soon be here, and can, doubtless, provide us with another crown. Meanwhile I will rest myself awhile; an uncrowned queen. [Takes seat on throne.]

Brownie (aside)—Sensible woman.

(Fine bells ring softly. Brownies greatly excited).

First Brownie (aside)—Our queen's a-coming!

Second Brownie—Oh my!

Third Brownie—We'll have to 'pologize!

(Enter Fairy Queen and fairies singing to soft accompaniment of bells. Might be imitated on piano).

Little Fairies.

Air: "Merry Sunshine"

Oh, we are little fairies,
A merry fairy band:
We bring you words of welcome sweet
From happy Fairyland.

The big trees are our castles,
And, all the winter, long,
The little fairies slumber, safe,
Within their castle strong.

Until there comes a whisper
That thrills each oaken heart
And sets their pulses running wild,
And buds begin to start.

We know then it is spring time,
And flowers are blooming gay,
And all the birds are singing, sweet,
About the merry May.

We love the merry spring time;
Within the fairy camp
The cricket tunes his fiddle up
And fireflies trim their lamp.

And so we bid you welcome,
A welcome glad and gay:
The fairies sing a welcome to
The lovely Queen of May.

(Fairy Queen and fairies kneel before Queen of May. Queen of May extends hand to Fairy Queen and lifts her up).

Queen of May—Rise, rise, Queen of the Fairies. You should never kneel to me, a queen without crown or scepter. A strange thing has befallen us. The crown and scepter were left unguarded, for awhile, and they have disappeared. We cannot account for it.

Brownie (aside, dolefully)—She'll know we did it.

(Queen of Fairies places hand on forehead and looks distressed).

Queen of Fairies—Oh, beautiful Queen of May, I would that, like you, I might sometimes remain in blissful ignorance. But already have I divined who the naughty thieves are.

Brownie (aside)—Can't fool her!

Queen of Fairies—I left my Brownies at home today, fearing they would do me little credit at your court. But they are swifter of foot than we, and much I fear the mischief has been done. But it shall be punished immediately.

Blows whistle. Brownies come forward, slowly and reluctantly, with heads hanging down. One trying to hide partly eaten piece of pie; one with hands in pockets; one with fingers in mouth; one dragging dilapidated crown; another, dilapidated scepter.

Queen of Fairies—Ah, your majesty, it is as I divined. You see the culprits before you. I am overcome with shame.

Queen of May (laughing)—Oh, the funny little dears! They didn't mean to be naughty.

Brownies (brightening and shaking heads vigorously)—No, we never!

Queen of Fairies—Silence! Kneel at her majesty's feet and crave her pardon.

Brownie (aside)—Told you we'd have to 'pologize.

Brownies rush forward, one falling down, kneel before Queen of May, place hands on hearts, and try to look solemn.

Brownies—We crave your majesty's pardon.

Queen of May—I freely grant you pardon, dears.

Brownies leap to feet, cut antics, exclaim, "Thank you, mom!" "Much obliged!" etc. One climbs up and whispers, audibly, to Queen of May: "And I crave another piece of pie."

Queen of May (to attendant)—Take our guests to the baskets and serve them with pie.

Brownies follow attendant to baskets, leaping, skipping and turning somersets. They busy themselves, in the background, with pie and antics.

Queen of Fairies—Alas! what shall I do with them?

Queen of May—Laugh at them, your majesty. It seems to me they should never be taken seriously.

Enter Queen of Flowers and attendants carrying flowers; also a wreath and scepter. They sing:

May Jewels.

Air—"Under the Dreamland Tree"

Fair was the morning, balmy and sweet,
I and my maidens, merry and fleet,

Through all the woodland, over the lea,
Jewels have sought for thee.

Chorus.

Rare and fair they sparkle, in the light,
Set with pearls the fairies bring at night:
Never were jewels brighter than they,
Gems for the Queen of May.

'Tis in the morning jewels abound,
Emerald treasures spilled on the ground,
Amethysts smile, with violet eyes,
Diamonds a queen might prize.

Chorus.

This is the off'ring, shining and sweet,
Beautiful queen, we lay at your feet;
Gifts from the woodland, gifts from the lea,
Gifts for your jubilee.

Chorus.

Queen of Flowers and attendants kneel before Queen of May and place flowers at her feet.

Queen of May—I give you thanks, oh most faithful keeper of my jewels. Never were they more beautiful or abundant. This lovely crown is worthy of a higher place. Place it upon my brow.

Queen of Flowers—Thanks for the honor, most gracious queen.

Places crown on queen's head and scepter in hand.

Queen of May—And now let us put aside all thought of crowns and jewels and give ourselves

to the enjoyment of our May-day games. Dear Queen of Fairies, will you join us?

Queen of Fairies—Gladly, oh gentle Queen of May.

Play march, in which all join, Brownies cutting an occasional antic. The may-pole might be made a pleasing feature in the march. The taller ones might march around, holding the ribbons, the smaller ones beside them, two or three abreast, according to the number marching, forming spokes to a wheel. The smaller ones might pass among the taller ones in a waving line, passing one on the inside, under the ribbons, the next on the outside, and so on. Other changes would suggest themselves.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

TEMPERANCE RECITATIONS AND EXERCISES

OUR RIGHTS

For a company of boys, and another of girls, each bearing a banner inscribed, "Our Rights." Play march, while boys march up aisle, and again for girls.

Boys:

We're a jolly little army
  Of jolly little chaps.
Don't think, because we're rather small,
  That we are little Japs;
For we are young Americans;
  We're asking for our rights,
Just as our banner tells you.
  We'd rather be polite,
And tell you all about it,
  And not have any fight.
There's a dram shop, round the corner,
  With it's wicked, poisoned cup;
We have a right to tell you,
  You ought to shut it up.
You big folks ought to keep the town
  So nice and clean, you know,
There wouldn't be a single place
  Where good boys couldn't go.
We have a right to righteous laws,
  And they should be enforced;
For, when you don't live up to them,

You only make it worse.
The President and Congress
Should stop the traffic, too,
And when we're big enough to vote
We'll just see that they do.
There's lots and lots of other rights
And lots of wrongs, perhaps.
Please make this world a cleaner place
For jolly little chaps.

Girls march up and take places beside boys.

Girls:

It isn't just the boys, we think,
Who need this looking after;
The little girls have right to keep
Their innocent, sweet laughter.
It always helps the girls to have
Such pure and noble brothers,
But the future of the whole great land
Depends on future mothers.
It seems, to us, that older folks
Must surely be to blame
When there are dancing halls and drink
To lure us down to shame.
Oh fair and lovely ladies,
Who kneel at fashion's shrine,
Your girls may learn of you, and drain
The bitter dregs of wine.
Great rulers do you wish to win
A fame that will endure?

Drive out the traffic that pollutes
And make the nation pure.
You are holding, in your hands, for us,
A blessing or a blight.
Oh give to us the blessing!
We ask it as our right.

Play march while boys and girls march back.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

WHEN DADDY COMES HOME

I'm going to get a nice new dress
When daddy comes home,
And a lovely new dolly, too, I guess,
When daddy comes home;
'Cause daddy told me when he went away
He'd bring me something nice to-day;
So I watch at the window and run to the gate,
And I feel as if I can hardly wait
Till Daddy comes home.

It used to be different a long time ago
When daddy came home;
Sometimes Billie and mamma and I didn't know
When daddy'd come home;
He couldn't walk straight, and his eyes were red;
He brought home rum when we needed bread;
And I used to hide, as still as a mouse,
In the darkest room of our tumble-down house,
When daddy came home.

And, bad as things were, they always seemed
worse,
When daddy came home,
For we all felt the weight of the drink fiend's
curse
When daddy came home;
There were days at a time when we had no food,
Though mamma did always the best she could;
And at last there came a terrible day,
When dear little Billie in Death's arms lay,
When daddy came home.

From that very day things began to go right,
When daddy came home;
And soon the home was pleasant and bright,
When daddy came home;
He has kept his vow that never a glass
Of liquor again his lips shall pass;
And we often talk of it, mamma and me,
And think how happy dear Billie will be
When daddy goes home.

—*W. H. Pierce.*

THE CRIMSON BALLOT

One day in a crowded court room
A sentence of death was said,
In the hush of the awful stillness:
"To be hanged by the neck until dead."

And a mother's heart was broken,
As she faltered a murmured name;
And a father's face was furrowed
With the tears of grief and shame.

It was only one of the dramas
That are acted every day.
And the judge on the bench had asked him
What the prisoner had to say.
"The jury has said I am guilty,"
Was the low, resigned reply,
"The law has summoned the hangman
And said that I must die.

"But before the God in heaven
I did not kill my friend,
And to the looming scaffold
A guiltless man you send.
The dramshop did this murder,
And the drink that fired my brain
That made me do its bidding,
And held me in its chain.

"But not upon the dramshop,
Nor brewery, nor still,
Nor on the high officials,
Who watch them steal and kill;
But on your skirts, your honor,
And every man's who's stood
To legalize the gin-mill,
Is stamped the brand of blood."

His voice rang like a bugle,
  No other sound was heard,
While something kin to terror
  In all who listened stirred.
And all the court-room cowered
  Beneath the lash of truth;
The boy seemed judge and jury,
  And they the sentenced youth.

"For back of the law's officials
  Is the law that spells my fate;
And back of the law are the people,
  And the people are the state.
My hand held the murderous weapon,
  And the blood on its blade they saw.
But back of the deed was the dram-shop,
  And back of the dram-shop the law.

"And whosoever hath voted
  To license this evil, ties
The shameful noose of the hangman
  'Round the neck of the man who dies.
And on his hands are the blood drops
  And on his brow a sign
That he is the man who sheddeth
  My dead friend's blood and mine."

Then back to his cell they led him,
  And there on the trap he'll stand;
And the bloody farce will be acted
  Again and again in the land.

And every reddened gibbet
  Shall be for a nation's blame;
For every ballot is crimson
  That is cast for a nation's shame.

—*Frank A. Marshall.*

THE MOTHER'S APPEAL

A Dialogue for Municipal Voters to Read

Mother.

O, Mr. Saloonman, I beg you don't sell
The stuff to my boy that may send him to hell;
Remember how dear to my heart he must be
And let him to-night return sober to me.

Saloonkeeper.

They licensed me, madam, to sell him the stuff,
The fool ought to know when he's taken enough.
You can't expect me to refuse all who come,
My business is to sell drinkers their rum.

Mother.

O, Mr. Saloonman, I beg you to think
How much it may mean if you sell him the drink,
His soul is in peril, don't wreck it for gain,
Don't make it another young life you have slain.

Saloonkeeper.

Go yonder, and talk to the men who have said
I may sell—to the voters who stand at the head

Of the church where you pray, don't be whining
away,
In this place they have licensed—go yonder, I say!

Mother.

O, Mr. Saloonman, they say you may sell,
But whose is the sin, if you send him to hell?
He buys at your bar what must bring him to
shame;
For all that may follow God holds you to blame.

Saloonkeeper.

No, madam, the sin is not mine at the first,
Nor for it shall I be the only man cursed;
The men who permit me to sell are the ones
To settle with God if I ruin their sons.

—*A. A. Hopkins.*

PUT ON THE BRAKE

I saw one day, on the brow of a hill,
A boy with a big, heavy load;
He pulled on the lines with a firm, strong hand,
As he struck the decline in the road.
The wagon was new, the harness was strong,
But the horses, though good, were small;
The heavy load forced them into a trot,
And I trembled for fear they would fall.
I knew if they fell the boy would be hurt,
I felt that his life was at stake;
I shouted above the noise of the wheels,
"Say, little boy, put on the brake."

He grasped the lines with his small left hand,
The brake lever seized with his right.
He knelt on his knees and with a strong push,
He set on the brake good and tight;
Then he reined the horses back into a walk,
And could easily guide them at will,
And, safe and sound, and without a mishap,
Was soon at the foot of the hill.
As he stopped to loosen the brake, I said,
"A lesson from this you should take,
Many a wasted life might have been saved
Had they, in time, put on the brake."

Now there is the boy who smokes cigarettes,
At first it was done on the sly;
He's easily muddled at task and play,
For his brain is injured thereby.
His brother in folly, the tippling lad,
At first had an intellect clear;
He's clouding it over day after day,
For those boys I tremble with fear.
Whenever I see one indulging I say,
"He's struck the decline—no mistake,"
And I call aloud to him as he hastens along,
"Say, little boy, put on the brake."

There is the girl who is thoughtless and vain.
She's sowing wild oats, it appears;
As she's sowing to-day with laughter and song
She will reap to-morrow with tears.

She never will soil her lily white hands
To aid her mother in her household cares;
She knows more than her mother, she thinks,
And heeds not her counsel and prayers.
I know, as sure as night follows day,
A wreck of her life she will make,
And I shout, while yet it is easy to stop,
"Say, little girl, put on the brake."

There is the man who frequents the saloon,
Untruthful, dishonest, profane,
Who seeks rude companions, squanders his time,
And cares not if he gives others pain.
What to him are tears of mother and wife
Or sobs of his own little child?
His conscience is seared, his soul has died out,
He plunges down reckless and wild.
But the road ends at the foot of the hill,
And below is the brimstone lake.
I shout while yet he has time to reform,
"Say, my dear friend, put on the brake."

—*George Clay Lloyd.*

VOTING VS. RESOLVING

[At a district conference of the M. E. Church in Iowa recently, the usual threadbare declaration was made and adopted in a resolution that "The liquor traffic cannot be licensed without sin."]

King Alcohol's vanquished;
The Church has decreed it;
Then let us rejoice

And be glad when we read it.
They've resolved and whereas'd
That the traffic must go,
In language so plain
That a fool ought to know.

"It cannot be licensed,"
They say, "without sin;"
Why, friendly old chestnut,
Come, where have you been;
And "where were you at"
In the conflict last fall?
I really don't think
That you voted at all.

If you did, did you vote
As you've just resoluted?
Now figures won't lie
If rightly computed.
Say, what was the number
Of votes you recorded
Against this great monster,
So remorseless and sordid?

I've seen an old scarecrow
Standing out in the field;
It became so familiar
That no power it could wield
To frighten the birds
That came every morn,
And from under its nose
Took the farmer's good corn.

But the farmer came out,
  You could see he was "hot,"
And with an old gun
  Filled the birds full of shot.
The birds then decided
  To have nothing to do
With the business-like end
  Of that living scarecrow.

Your resolves are the scarecrow,
  The old parties the birds;
'Tis but little they care
  For your empty, wise words.
They feel very certain
  You will do nothing rash,
But will vote at the crack
  Of the old party lash.

And you are the farmer,
  The hand is the gun;
The ballot's the shot
  That will "make things hum."
A vote will weigh more
  When cast for the right,
Than all the resolves
  You could make in a night.

—*J. W. Rowe*

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP

Take courage, temperance workers.
You shall not suffer wreck,
While up to God the people's prayers
Are rising from your deck.
Wait cheerily, temperance workers,
For daylight and for land;
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder in His hand.

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The good of old with shadowy hands,
Are pulling at your ropes.
Behind you, holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before you, unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

Courage! Your work is holy;
God's errands never fail.
Sweep on through storm and darkness,
The thunder and the hail!
Work on! sail on! the morning comes,
The port you yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The ship of temperance in.

—*John G. Whittier.*

A KNOTTY PROBLEM

A sufficient number of pupils to represent ordinary class come forward to recitation bench. Those called upon rise in awkward and embarrassed manner excepting Christian Brother, who is suave and politely scandalized.

Professor:

Attention, class in mathematics,
For a problem I'll propound
More full of knots than any given
By old Euclid, the profound.
There is an Alcoholic Demon
And he devastates the land;
How this bold demon can be conquered
Is the problem, understand.
You may stand up, my License Brother,
And an answer give to me.

License Brother:

We-e-ll, he's so big we just can't hold him;
So we hobble him, you see.
We know he fills the jail and poorhouse,
The asylum and the grave;
But then he pays the town expenses,
And it's always best to save.

Professor:

You may stand up, my Politician,
And an answer give to me.

Politician:

W-e-e-l-l he controls so many votes
We have to let him be.

We know they're rather scaly fellows
And the lowest of the low;
But he has got us in his clutches
And he'll never let us go.

Professor.:

Oh, answer me, my Christian Brother,
With your culture and research.

Christian Brother:

Why, this is *politics* and *never*
Should be mentioned in the church!
We're traveling the road to Heaven,
And we always go first-class.
Don't vex us with your vulgar problem:
We would rather let it pass.

Professor:

Oh, what a stupid lot of pupils!
Why, it rather seems to me,
That we can solve this knotty problem
By the good old rule of three.
Just as the vote of Christian people
To this demon, foul, shall be,
So is the knotty problem answered,
And the nation bond or free.
And here's another way to solve it,
That will be effective quite—
Eliminate saloons
And shut the breweries tight;
Apply the Rule of Prohibition,
And the answer will be *right.*

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

RECITATIONS FOR HIGHER GRADES

MY CHUM TEDDY

"Teddy O'Rourke's my chum, you see,
An' how it happened was, him an' me
Was down at the dock with the rest that day,
A-lookin' for something to come our way,
Fur shines, I tell ye, was precious few,
An' we thought we could pick up a dime or two,
Along with some of the other chaps,
Luggin' a feller's valise, perhaps.

"It was time the boat was a-gettin' in,
An' of all the crowd on the dock, who'd been
Waitin' fur friends, none took our eye
Like two who was standin' just close by—
A lady, if ever was one, I guess—
You could tell as much by her way an' dress—
With a little girl who had 'bout the looks
Of them kids you see in the picture books,
With her big blue eyes an' her hair like gold—
I s'pose she was four or five years old.
An' blest if she doesn't tell Ted an' me
How her pa's on board an' how glad she'll be
When he is home with 'em both again,
An' Teddy he sees the boat just then.

"Well, the boat swings inter the slip at last,
An', while they're busy a-makin' fast,
With the passengers ready a'most to land,
The little girl loses her mother's hand,

When everyone's crowdin' and pushin' hard,
An' blamed if she doesn't fall overboard—
I can't ezzactly tell how she does,
'Cause 'fore I knows it, why, there it was—
An' then there follers a great, big splash
As Teddy goes in after her in a flash!
Talk about swimmin', now, Ted kin swim!
Not one of the fellers I knows tops him,
Stay under the longest you ever see;
Dive about twict as high as me;
Go out so fur you'd be scairt clean through;
Why, there ain't a thing 'at he dassent do!—
More like a duck, I guess you'd say
If you ever saw him in, some day—
An', though the tide is a-runnin' strong,
He strikes right out, an' it ain't so long
'Fore he's clingin' with her to the slippery spiles,
An' she's safe—an' he just looks up and smiles.

"Then they git the little girl up all right,
An' there's nothin' the matter with her 'cept fright,
While Teddy unhelped climbs up the beams
With the water a-runnin' from him in streams;
An', while he's shiverin' kind o', there,
The little girl's ma don't seem to care
At all fur the people a-standin' by,
But gives him a kiss an' begins to cry;
An' the little girl's pa ain't noways slow
In grabbin' his hand—an' he won't let go;
While everybody upon the pier

Just whoops her up in a bustin' cheer,
An' one of 'em yells out, after that:
'Come, chip in, all of you! Here's the hat!'

"An' didn't they? Well, now, they just did!
Teddy was allers a lucky kid!
An', while around with the hat they goes,
Every one reaches down in his clo'es,
An' you'd laugh to see how the ol' plug fills
With dimes an' quarters an' hafs an' bills,
Till at last it's a-holdin' so much tin
Looks 's if the crown would just bust right in;
An' they takes the money 'at they have riz
An' they goes to Teddy an' says it's his.

" 'What!' says Teddy. 'This ain't all mine!'
An' you oughter have seed his black eyes shine,
An' I feels so good 'at I gives him a shove,
Fur I knows just what he's a-thinkin' of—
It's about his mother, who's purty old,
An' that sister of his'n the doctor's told
If she could only go fur a good long spell
Out in the country she might git well—
An' every one laughs 'cause he stares so hard,

While the little girl's pa takes out a card
That says where Teddy's to call next day,
And they goes in a hack of their own away,
While some one tells Teddy to scoot home quick,
An' change his clo's so he won't git sick.
That's about all—'cept Teddy O'Rourke
Has got a chance, and has gone to work

In the little girl's pa's big dry-goods store,
An' he ain't a-shinin' up no more;
An' now he's a-goin' to free-school, nights,
An' he's learnin' so 'at he reads an' writes,
While I tells him to keep on peggin' away,
An' he'll be a big duck hisself, some day.
—An' me? Oh, Teddy'll look out fur me—
Teddy O'Rourke's my chum, you see!"

—*Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.*

THE MORAVIAN DEATH-HYMN

Unheard the spoilers' murderous search
  Had tracked the woods below;
No watcher on yon village church
  In warning waved, to show
Where sighing pine and whispering birch
  Concealed a deadly foe.
Sang sweet the robin and the wren
  At sunset as if lay
No demon near the homes of men
  Before next morning day
That hamlet of the land of Penn
  To sweep in blood away.

Came twilight with its lingering gleam
  And sparks of twinkling gold,
All silent—save the ceasless stream
  Of Lehigh's waters cold,
And stir of leaves that half in dream

Their drowsy vespers told.
But fierce, with eyeballs slumber-proof
Beneath hate's fiery frown,
The red Mohegans lurked aloof
For midnight darkening down
To smite with ruin, roof by roof,
The small Moravian town.

But list! what strange ethereal tones
Their savage hearts surprise?
They heard the chapel-tower trombones
Like voices from the skies!
The Brethren's trumpet-dirge that moans
The hour a faith-mate dies.
Soft, clear, between the light and dark,
The tubes melodious through
The spirit of Sebastian Bach
His Passion Choral blew,
And all the air stood still to hark
The passing soul's adieu.

As if an angel welcome met,
Before its wing could tire,
The soaring life, o'er love's regret
Sang hope and high desire,
And peace her requiem music set
To join the pealing choir.
As clods in turfless deserts melt
Beneath unusual rain,
The wild assassins trembling felt

That sweet, mysterious strain,
And anger in their breasts that dwelt
Was changed to coward pain.

"'Tis the Great Spirit's voice," they said,
"He breathes some fearful charm
To guard this people's slumber-bed;
We may not do them harm.
Where Heaven its mighty shield has spread
No warrior lifts his arm."
They fled, as flies at fear's command
The baffled plunder bird;
And still in air that trumpet-band
Their guilty fancy heard
Till all the echoing forest-land
Gave back God's awful word.

And night to morn serenely swept
With all its shining spheres,
While calm the pious Brethren slept
Unvexed with worldly fears—
And time their peril's secret kept
Thro' many after years,
Till told one redman of the gang
That planned that ruthless raid
How ere the skulking murderers sprang
From their dark ambuscade
The solemn horns of cloudland sang,
And made their hearts afraid.

Still from the sacred tower is poured,
When comes the Fatal Guest,
The hymn they love who gave the Lord
Their Bethlehem of the West,
The strain that scared the vulture horde
And saved the turtle's nest.
And still, where death affection smites,
If from the heights of prayer
Faith's song between the evening lights
Surprises blind despair,
The sound the lurking fiend affrights,
And peace stays slumbering there.

—*Theron Brown.*

THE RAPPAHANNOCK

The Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow with sunset light,
Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering might;
From one side rose the Stafford slopes and on the other shore
The Spottsylvania meadows lay—with oak groves scattered o'er.

Hushed were the sounds of busy day—the brooding air was hushed,
Save for the rapid flowing stream that chanted as it rushed.
O'er mead and gently sloping hills on either side the stream

The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's
departing gleam,

Upon the Stafford hills "The Blue"—on Spott-
sylvania "Gray;"
Between them, like an unsheathed sword, the
glistening river lay.
Hark! Suddenly far down the stream a union
band sends forth
The strains of "Hail Columbia"—the poem of
the North.

The tents are parted—silent throngs of soldiers,
worn and grim,
Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the
martial hymn.
So clear and quiet was the night that to the far-
thest bound
Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet,
triumphant sound,

And when the last note died away, from distant
post to post,
A shout like thunder of the tide rolled through
the Federal host;
Then straightway from the other shore there came
an answering strain,
The "Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the
hills and o'er the plain,

And then the boys in gray sent back our cheer
across the tide,

A mighty shout, that rent the air and echoed far and wide.
"Star Spangled Banner" we replied—they answered "Boys in Gray,"
While cheer on cheer rolled through the dusk and faintly died away.

Deep had grown the shadow 'neath the star bespangled dome
When the union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."
The leader's cornet played the air of the beautiful old song,
Now loud and clear, now faintly heard, now tremulous, now strong;

And mellow horn and deep-toned bass in harmony unite,
To bear along the melody in waves of pure delight.
Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and utter silence fell
Upon the valley and the hills, on Blue and Gray as well.

We thought of homes we'd left behind—of loved ones far away,
And all the dear familiar scenes of childhood's happy day;
The low-roofed farmhouse 'neath the elm—the dear wife at the door,
The dusty sunlight as it played upon the old barn floor.

So tender are the memories the simple chords awake,
Our lion-hearted colonel sobbed as though his heart would break,
While all about him brave men stand with faces to the stars,
And tears are shed and prayers are said upon that field of Mars.

The southern band caught up the strain—we brushed away the tear,
And sent across that flowing stream a soul-inspiring cheer.
Then in a mighty chorus every one who could sing sang;
Oh! what a glorious hymn of home across that river rang!

The Blue and Gray together sang and kept it up until
The last faint bugle note had passed the distant hill;
Then to our cots of straw we stole, and dreamed the livelong night
Of home, sweet home, so far away, peace-walled and still and white.

—*C. H. C.*—1864.

THE CALF PATH

One day through the primeval wood
A calf walked home as good calves should;
But made a trail all bent askew,
A crooked trail as all calves do.
Since then three hundred years have fled,
And I infer the calf is dead.

But still he left behind his trail,
And thereby hangs my moral tale.
The trail was taken up next day
By a lone dog that passed that way;
And then a wise bell-wether sheep
Pursued the trail o'er vale and steep,
And drew the flock behind him, too,
As good bell-wethers always do.
And from that day o'er hill and glade,
Through those old woods a path was made.

And many men wound in and out,
And dodged and turned, and bent about,
And uttered words of righteous wrath
Because 'twas such a crooked path;
But still they followed—do not laugh—
The first migrations of that calf.
And through the winding wood way stalked
Because he wobbled when he walked.

This forest path became a lane,
That bent and turned and turned again;
This crooked lane became a road,

Where many a poor horse with his load
Toiled on beneath the burning sun,
And traveled some three miles in one.
And thus a century and a half
They trod the footsteps of that calf.

The years passed on in swiftness fleet,
The road became a village street;
And this, before men were aware,
A city's crowded thoroughfare.
And soon the central street was this
Of a renowned metropolis;
And men two centuries and a half
Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

Each day a hundred thousand rout
Followed this zigzag calf about,
And o'er his crooked journey went
The traffic of a continent.
A hundred thousand men were led
By one calf near three centuries dead.
They followed still his crooked way
And lost one hundred years a day;
For thus such reverence is lent
To well established precedent.

A moral lesson this might teach
Were I ordained and called to preach;
For men are prone to go it, blind
Along the calf-paths of the mind,
And work away from sun to sun
To do what other men have done.

They follow in the beaten track,
And out and in and forth and back,
And still their devious course pursue
To keep the paths that others do.
They keep the path a sacred groove,
Along which all their lives they move;
And how the wise old wood-gods laugh,
Who saw the first primeval calf.
Ah, many things this tale might teach—
But I am not ordained to preach.

—*S. W. Foss.*

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss;
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone

Glimmers the turn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods!
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny floweret broods,
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If he cares for this, will he not for thee—
Thee, wherever thou art to-day
Child of an infinite Father, see—
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

READING THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Last night pa he was reading when
Ma got her fancy work and then
Says: "What's the news, pa, anyway?
I haven't read a line to-day."
And pa he kind of shook his head
And blew out clouds of smoke and read
Just to himself, you know, as though
He hadn't heard ma speak, and so
She ast again, and pa said: "Oh,
There's nothing that you'd care to hear,
Now just keep quiet, won't you, dear?
I'm reading the President's message."

Ma sat and stitched and pa read on
And grandma rocked and give a yawn,
And pretty soon ma said: "I s'pose
He give the trusts some heavy blows?"
"You bet!" pa said; "in that third round
He seemed to nearly have um downed."
And then he looked up quick and frowned,
And after that he read some more
And dropped his ashes on the floor,
And ma said: "That's a shame! Dear me!"
And pa said: "Blame it, can't you see
I'm reading the President's message?"

"I wish you'd read it all to me,"
Ma said as pleasant as could be.
"Oh, pshaw!" Pa answered, kind of sharp,
"I wish you wouldn't always harp.
"The thing would all be Greek to you
If I should read it six times through;
Now just keep quiet—kindly do—
It's nothing that you'd care about."
And then he blew some more smoke out
And grandma kind of smiled at ma,
And ma she stitched away while pa
Kept reading the President's message.

About a minute after that,
When I was foolin' with the cat,
Ma said: "Oh, pa, I wish you'd read
About the tariff bill we need;
What does the message say? You know

You said he'd dodge it; is it so?''
Pa took a puff and answered: ''Oh,
I haven't come to that round yet—
I mean that part—say, can't you let
A man be undisturbed? I swear
You can't keep still two minutes there!''
He was reading the President's message.

Pa's back was turned to ma, and she
Got up, and shook her head at me,
And snuck behind him on tip-toe
So quiet that he didn't know,
And, standing there behind his chair,
She said at last: ''My, I declare!''
She saw where he was reading at—
''I didn't know they printed that
Among the sporting news,'' she said;
And pa's face, it turned just as red,
And then they made me go to bed!—
That's all of the President's message.

A HAPPY PHILOSOPHER

I like the weather rainy an' I like the weather dry,
I like the world an' like the plan the Ruler runs it by!
There's mebbe drouthy seasons in some fair and farmin' spot,
While a streak of too wet weather blights another, like as not.

But I so love earth's roses that the little thorns
don't hurt,
An' life to me is somethin' more than drudgery
an' dirt;
God tuned my taste to sweetness, so I shun the
bitter lees
An' find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the
bees.

I've found that corn-fields stunted till they would-
n't pay to shock
Will yield to huskin' season lots o' nubbins for
the stock,
An' the shrivelled wheat that rusted, one of Na-
ture's weather tricks,
Will do a sight toward feedin' all the hungry hens
an' chicks.
So what's the use o' whinin' if the run o' things
don't suit,
You get to smell the blossoms though some insect
takes the fruit!
I reckon life's so happy I can wander where I
please
An' find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the
bees.

A happy life's dependent not on gumption or on
grit,
But jes' the plain philosophy of make-the-best-
of-it!

Of course I ain't denyin' Sorrow's stalkin' through the land,
But her sister, Joy, is with her, an' a-holdin' of her hand.
So write me down as happy, in the summer, spring or fall,
An' even storms o' winter doesn't ice the blossoms all,
So I jes' keep on a-huntin' in the fragrance or the freeze,
An' I find so much of honey I'm a-robbin' of the bees.

—*Roy Farrell Greene.*

THE BALLAD OF ELIZABETH ZANE
Wheeling 1777

Ye who love in the past to scan
Glory of daring in heart of man,
Glory of daring on land or main,
List to the song of Elizabeth Zane!

Braver story was never sung!
Slight was the maid, and fair and young;
Gently born and gently bred,
Kin of heroes living and dead.

Fincastle Fort of fair renown
Stood on the river by Wheeling town;

Set amid fields of wheat and corn,
Guarding the hamlet where she was born.

Fair was the feast September spread,
Wheat was golden and corn was red,
Blazed the hillside with scarlet flame,—
When down on the clearing the redskin came.

Full five hundred with whoop and shout,
Led by a black-souled renegade scout,
Savage with hate and fierce for blood,
Down they swept from the burning wood.

Time there was none to wait or plan;
Woman and child and youth and man
Sped to the fort like a rising wind,
Barred and bolted the gates behind.

Hope is strong and God is good!
Fair at his post each brave man stood;
Forty and two were they counted out,
And full five hundred devils without.

Twice from the gate a handful brave
Into the fire of the conflict drave
A swath of death on their stormy track,—
Of sixteen going not one came back.

And in through cranny and crevice sped
An arrow enters and one falls dead;
Until of strength and of hope bereft,
Thirty are taken and twelve are left.

Then, that horror the dregs should drain,
Spent is the powder, grain by grain;
The long day's fighting but well begun,
And the last charge rammed in the smoking gun!

The captain smote with his lifted hands:
"Out in my cabin a full keg stands:
But sixty paces between us lie,—
How can I send one more to die!"

Then to his side with cheek aflame
Little Elizabeth softly came;
Kin of heroes, living and dead,—
"Man nor boy can be spared," she said,

"I will go out to the house instead."
Pleaded she well, till the bolts they drew;
Swift as a vision she bounded through,
Sped like a deer across the grass,

And the Indians paused as they saw her pass,—
Paused for a moment and left her go
With never an arrow or tomahawk blow.
—Through fear or favor who may know?—

And each man seeing her held his breath,
Till she ran through a silence deep as death.
Never a foot to hers gave chase!
She lifted the keg from its hiding-place,

And staggering under the burden sore
Into the sunshine came once more.

Then like a tempest of iron sleet
Rained the bullets about her feet,

Whistle of arrows arose and fell,
And the loud woods roared with a roar of hell.
But as if great Jehovah's hand
Bore her triumphant through shot and brand,

With wild heart beating and cheek aflame
Into the gate of the fort she came;
And the desperate handful of fighting men
Cheered till the forest rang again.

And under the cloud of powder smoke
Once more the voice of the bullet spoke
Holding the terrible foe at bay,—
And succor came down with the close of day.

So was the fort by Wheeling saved!
And so in letters of gold engraved
While joy in daring, and pride remain,
Shall live the name of Elizabeth Zane!

—*Mary Elizabeth Blake.*

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried;
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm;
"Am I soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

"And shall I fear to own His cause?"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call—
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall!' "

Ah, wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang!

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer that mother taught
The boy of long ago.

FARMER STEBBINS AT THE BAT

We got here safe, my good old wife and me,
An' then I strolled out to the Park, to see what
I could see.
Some fellows there was playin' ball—an' with a
waggish smile
One chap inquired of me if I wouldn't like to play
awhile;

For I'd made some remarks about the way the game was run,
An' maybe I'd take hold, he said, an' show 'em how 'twas done.

I used to play, some years ago, when youth still lingered near,
Before three hundred pounds of flesh impaired my runnin' gear;
An' so I said, "All right, I'm in; I'll give the ball a whack,
For I don't like to have old age invite me to stan' back;"
An' so I spoke up to 'm an' said, with quite a limber tongue,
"I'll show you how we used to play when your old dad was young."

"Of course you'll stan' up to the rules?" the waggish chap inquired;
"An' will you pitch or catch?" Says I, "I'll catch, if so desired."
An' then they brought a muzzle out an' strapped it to my head,
To keep my mug from gettin' scraped by some one's bat, they said.
But I didn't mind; I says, "All right; just trim me up complete,
Providin' you don't tie no wires aroun' my hands nor feet."

But when I caught their pesky ball, I yelled out with a groan,
"Good sakes alive! I didn't suppose you played it with a stone!"
Then they all laughed, an' says, "Of course this ain't no two old cat!"
An' laughed again, when I remarked, "I'm sensible of that;
But when we used to play base ball we wouldn't have thought 'twas smart
To pelt each other with a chunk of old man Pharaoh's heart!"

Then they all laughed again, an' said I'd better take the field;
An' I remarked, "I'm used to that" (a fact quite unconcealed);
An' so I toddled off, an' stood, without a word to say,
Until a "hot ball," as they said, came purrin' down my way.
It landed somewhere on my frame, uncommon hard an' square,
An' I laid down, reached up my han's, an' wildly clasped it there.

An' then they laughed an' cheered an' said I'd "caught it on the fly."
"I caught it on my stomach, if I'm any judge," says I.

An' then they laughed an' cheered some more, an' said, "Our side is in,
An' it is our turn at the bat, an' your turn to begin."
An' then I grasped the ball-club tight, an' says unto them all,
"I'll show you how to treat a hard an' unregenerate ball."

The fellow that propelled the thing wouldn't throw it square an' straight;
He'd make a sort of cow-lick kick, an' pitch it like a quait;
So when I struck, with my whole firm of muscle, brain, an' heart,
The fierce blow found the ball an' club some several rods apart;
An' leanin' up, an' strikin' 'gainst the atmosphere instead,
Produced an unforeseen result, an' laid me on my head.

"One strike!" the fellow that they called the "empire" loudly cried.
"It's full as much as that," I says, a-perchin' on my side.
"Play ball!" he shouted. An' I says, "It ain't so much like play
As some things I have seen; but then, no matter, fire away!"

An' so he fired; whereat the ball benumbed each
finger's-end,
Then cuffed my sufferin' ears, like some enraged
maternal friend.

"Foul!" shouted loud the empire; then, in accents
loud an' high.
"You're right again; it's foul indeed, an' painful
too," says I;
An' then, I thought, "I'll wipe that ball half-way
out of existence,
Or lay right down here an' expire, with mourners
at a distance."
An' straightenin' back, I gave the thing a self-
benumbin' blow,
An' sent it wobblin' through the air; an' then they
shouted, "Go!"

Now I was kind of turned around 'bout where I
did belong,
An' nimble as an elephant, I struck my bearin's
wrong;
I stood the emperor on his head, I run the catcher
down,
I barked my waggish friend's left shin, before he
turned me roun';
An' then he yelled, "Pick up your heels!" an'
fool-bewildered quite,
I stopped an' looked, an' said, "They're here!
I've got 'em on all right!"

An' then they laughed an' cheered some more, an' said, "Go make your base!"
An' off I went, with quickened breath, an' heat-illumined face;
I give no heed unto the world; but, thunderin' straight ahead,
Produced an earthquake in that Park by my resistless tread;
An' then I stubbed my off big toe, an' hadn't time to rise,
An' rolled three-quarters of the way to my base, an' surprise.

"Out on a fly!" the emperor says, a brushin' off his sleeve.
"Out on a bender, I should think," I says, prepared to leave;
"This game has too much earnestness to make it play for me;
It's full of hardships for to do, however nice to see.
The easiest way to play base ball, is to sit back an' tell
How things we never could have done could be done twice as well."

—*Will Carleton.*

THE MEN OF GLOUCESTER

On the tossing sea, the heaving sea,
  Shattered and spent we lay.
The night had passed like a waking dream
  And the dawn broke cold and gray.

The rain had ceased, but the fierce wind still
  Screeched through the rigging bare;
And the cold spray stung as it swept aslant
  Like winged ice through the air.

Over the bulwarks the great gray seas
  Did heave themselves, and break;
And when they broke, 'twas pity to feel
  How the schooner's heart did quake.

And ever she cried and groaned, poor wretch,
  As only a vessel can.
A womanish thing! but all the rest
  Were silent, master and men.

There were twelve of us; for four had gone
  When the mainmast thundered down,
Captain and mate, and ten men more,
  All out of Gloucester town.

We thought of the town, as on we drove,
  We thought of wife and child,
And sometimes it seemed their voices came
  Through the tempest howling wild.
Silent we lay, while death drew near
  On the wings of the freezing hail,

When the captain raised his head and cried,
"Look, lads! a sail! a sail!"

And there, and plain in the sight of all,
A gallant steamer hove,
A right black line 'twixt the foam below
And the whirling clouds above.

Bravely she rode the plunging seas,
Bravely she faced the storm;
And each one of us felt his frozen heart
Grow, sudden, light and warm.

We looked where our signal flew aloft,
The silent cry of the sea,
And then our eyes on the steamer burned,
But never a word said we.

A stir on her deck! she had seen the flag,
A clustering at her side!
Her crew stood safe, and gazed at us;
But the space between was wide.

The space between was a boiling waste
Of gray waves beaten white;
Of swirling hollows fathom deep,
And hissing foam-wreaths light.

And if they would launch a boat, methought,
What chance for a boat to live?
And where are the men, in such a sea,
A life for a life to give?

The wind it keened, and keened, and keened,
Through the rigging stiff and bare;

And "Death!" and "Death!" and ever "Death!"
Was the word 'twas crying there.

Again a stir on the steamer's deck,
And another stir at her side;
And a boat swung out, and hung aloft
Above the whirling tide.

Then e'en with my thoughts, our captain spoke,
"What chance for that boat to live?
What chance of saving our half-spent lives,
If these men their brave lives give?

"Now answer, men of Gloucester town!
Shall we take this gift so free?
Shall we take these lives, from men that love
Their life as well as we?"

And "No!" we said. What should we say,
Being men of Gloucester town?
And the captain raised his ice-stiff hand,
And hauled the signal down.

Then I closed my eyes; and we all, belike,
Thought over a bit of prayer;
And thought of home, and the old gray church,
And the women kneeling there.

And still the wind it keened and keened
Through the frozen rigging bare;
And "Death!" and "Death!" and ever "Death!"
Was the word 'twas crying there.

A voice! a cry! my heart leaped up,
I looked; and lo! the boat
Rode lightly o'er the crested hills,
The bravest thing afloat.

And now she tossed aloft, aloft,
And now she swooped below;
But we saw the strong arms bent to work,
And the faces all aglow.

We tried to raise a feeble cheer,
But never a voice found we;
The captain waved his stiffened hand,
And we waited silently.

Ah! not in vain that gallant crew
Their lives so freely gave;
Ah! not in vain that gallant boat
Came leaping o'er the wave.

For home, for home, across the foam,
We now are sailing free,
While gladly blows the favoring wind,
And sunlit smiles the sea.

Once more must fall the peaceful night,
Once more must rise the sun,
Before we see the gray old town
That holds our hearts each one.

All honor to the noble men
Who risked their lives for ours;

Who, never flinching, set their hand
  Against the tempest's powers.

And yet—mayhap—some honor fell
  On us of Gloucester town,
Then, when the captain raised his hand
  And hauled the signal down.

—*Laura E. Richards.*

A FLAG ON EVERY SCHOOL-HOUSE

Raise the flag on every school-house,
  Let it float upon the breeze.
Sing aloud "The Spangled Banner,"
  As it rises o'er the trees.
Tell the children all its story,
  On the land and on the sea.
That its pet names are "Old Glory"
  And "The Banner of the Free,"
That its red should e'er remind us
    Of the blood by martyrs shed,
That we might live in Freedom's land,
  After they were with the dead;
That it's white our faith should strengthen,
  That the people's cause is just,
And no monarch e'er shall rule us
  But the God in whom we trust.
That its blue for truth eternal,
  Like the azure blue above,

E'er should keep us true and loyal
And our nation's honor love.
Its stars shall lighten all the world
And must prove to all who see
That the people can be trusted
With the boon of liberty.
Its stripes mean justice sure to fall
Upon all assailing foes;
It waves proudly and defiant
Against all who oppose.
Float freedom's flag in freedom's breeze,—
Starry banner that we love—
From the prairies to the seaboard,
Northern lake to orange grove.
Raise the flag on ev'ry school-house,
Let it float upon the breeze;
Tell the children of its triumphs
On the land and on the seas.
Many thousand noble freemen
Gave their lives to prove its worth.
The only flag that despots fear—
Freedom's hope through all the earth.
It knows no sect, no race, no clan,
Schemes and plots it doth defy,
To freedom's storm-tossed, struggling ship
It is a rainbow in the sky.
Raise it high, mid spire and steeple,
Let it glisten in the sun,
It has no spot of shame to hide
In all its victories won.

Tell the children that its symbol
  Is a State for every star.
Tell them its victorious record
  In days of peace and cruel war.
Tell them it is theirs to cherish,
  That its stars must never set,
And in future they'll defend it
  If need be with the bayonet.
Keep the flag on ev'ry school-house,
  With your ballots it defend.
Learning and Freedom firmly join,
  Then our Union ne'er shall end.
Let cheers arise unto the skies,
  Like great Niagara's roar,
From the mountains of New England
  To Pacific's golden shore.

—*Col. J. A. Joel.*

PATENT MEDICINE CONVENTION

Characters and Costumes

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup—Mother and babe. Babe represented by a large doll in night dress and cap.

Sagwaw—Boy wrapped in bright blanket. Band about head with feathers stuck in it.

Jayne's Expectorant—Old-fashioned gentleman, long coat "buttoned down before;" old style tall hat, spectacles.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral—Old-fashioned woman; cap with wide frill; spectacles.

Little Early Riser Pills—Small girl in pretty night dress and cap; candlestick and candle, in hand.

Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Dress in imitation of Lydia Pinkham's familiar picture.

Painkiller—Boy and girl. Any costume.

Pink Pills—Small girl dressed in pink; wear pink hood; also small boy dressed in Uncle Sam style.

Doctors—Several small boys. Let them squat upon feet, lean forward and hold arms back close against body. Swathe body in white cloth. Spruce little hats on heads would be an addition.

Curtain rises on mother sitting in rocking chair rocking babe.

Soothing Syrup.

Air—"Watt's Cradle Hymn"

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,"
Mother'll take you off to bed,
While my "blessings, without number,"
Fall on Mrs. Winslow's head.

Long and lusty is your screaming,
Many are the tears you weep,
Till a dose of Soothing Syrup
Sends you sweetly off to sleep.

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Mother'll take you off to bed,
While my "blessings, without number,"
Fall on Mrs. Winslow's head.

[Enter Sagwaw.]

Sagwaw.

Air—"Captain Jinks"

A heap big medicine man am I,
I deal in nature's remedy,
The white man's blood to purify,
And Sagwaw is my name.

[Stands erect and dignified. Enter Expectorant.]

Air—"Auld Lang Syne

Jayne's Expectorant.

"Shall old acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?"
Just take the dose your grandpa took
In "the days of auld lang syne;"
In "the days of auld lang syne;"
A dose of Jayne's Expectorant
In "the days of auld lang syne."

Your grandpa thought that it would cure
All ills of human kind;

It's just as good as it was then,
In "the days of auld lang syne,"
In "the days of auld lang syne;"
We'll take a dose as grandpa did,
In "the days of auld lang syne."

[Enter Cherry Pectoral. Addresses Expectorant.]

Ayers' Cherry Pectoral.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne"

The age of Cherry Pectoral,
I think, with your's compares,
Although I don't *expec-to-rant,*
Or even put on *Ayer's,*
Or even put on *Ayer's,*

Although I don't *expec-to-rant,*
Or even put on *Ayer's,*
We both have an ancestral tree
That's pretty hard to climb.
Let's shake a hand, in kindness yet,

[They shake hands. Both sing.]

To the days of auld lang syne;
To the days of auld lang syne,
Let's shake a hand, in kindness yet,
To the days of auld lang syne.

[They step aside, hand in hand. Enter Little Early Riser.]

Little Early Riser.

Air—"Gay and Happy"

I'm a little early riser,
Bright and early, as you see;

And I'll do my best to s'prise you
If you will but list' to me.
So let the wide world wag as it will,
Take an Early Riser Pill;
Gay and happy, gay and happy,
You'll be gay and happy still.

[Enter Lydia Pinkham.]

Vegetable Compound.

Air—"Sherman's March to the Sea"

Sing of Lydia Pinkham, now, a glad and grateful song,
Sing it, all ye women she has helped make well and strong,
Swell the grateful chorus, ye innumerable throng,
Swell the glad song of thanksgiving.

Chorus.

Hurrah! hurrah! she brought the jubilee:
Hurrah! hurrah! she set her sisters free:
So we swell the chorus till it rings from sea to sea;
Swell the glad song of thanksgiving.

Vegetable Compound was the golden gift she gave
To her sister women, whom she hoped to heal and save.
Sing, oh all ye women she has rescued from the grave!
Swell the glad song of thanksgiving.

Chorus.

[Enter boy, doubled over, with hands on bowels. Goes through pantomime of great pain. Enter girl with bottle and spoon. She is much concerned about boy. Sings.]

Painkiller.

Air—Old Song—"Dear, dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair"

Oh dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Dear, dear! what can the matter be?
Bad case of colic, I guess.
Now just let me give you a dose of Painkiller,
Now just let me give you a dose of Painkiller,
Now just let me give you a dose of Painkiller,
It soon will relieve your distress.

[Gives spoonful. Instant relief. Both sing.]

Sing, sing, sing of a blessing free;
Sing, sing when in distress you be;
Sing, sing, sing of a blessing free,
Painkiller frees you from pain.
We promise, if once you will try our Painkiller,
We promise, if once you will try our Painkiller,
We promise, if once you will try our Painkiller,
You won't be without it again.

[Enter little Pink Pills and little Yankee Doodle, hand in hand. Pink Pills sings.]

Pink Pills.

Air—"Yankee Doodle"

I sing a song of pretty pills
For people who are pale, sir:

No matter what may be your ills
They'll cure you without fail, sir.

Chorus.

[Pink Pills and Yankee Doodle raise clasped hands and step forward and back, in time to music, as they sing.]

Yankee Doodle takes Pink Pills,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
For a fever, or the chills,
Says they're mighty handy.

[Lower clasped hands. Pink Pills sings.]

Mr. Crossman got so cross
'Twas really a disgrace, sir:
He took a box of our Pink Pills
And wears a smiling face, sir.

Chorus.

Miss Samantha grew so lean,
So yellow and all that, sir:
She took to taking our Pink Pills,
And now she's fair and fat, sir.

[As each singer surrenders the center of the stage to new comers let them arrange themselves in a group, with smaller ones in front. All sing.]

Chorus.

Air—Old Song—"I'm going to be married, ah ha, mamma!"

The doctors don't love us, oh ho, oh ho,
The doctors don't love us, oh no, oh no,
And if they could shove us we'd all have to go,
The doctors don't love us, oh no, oh no.

The doctors decoy us, alack! alack!
Whenever they spy us they all cry, "Quack!"
They always are quacking; now what is the use
To always be quacking, just like a goose?

[Sound of quacking behind scenes, at one side.]

The doctors are coming, alack! alack!
The doctors are coming, we hear them quack:
The doctors are coming and we're going to run.
Now just see them waddle; oh ho, what fun!

[Patent Medicines run from stage. Doctors appear, on opposite side, and waddle across stage after them, quacking. Curtain.

—*Harriet D. Castle.*

MOTHER GOOSE AND SANTA CLAUS

They Give a Reception

CHARACTERS.

MOTHER GOOSE.
SANTA CLAUS.
LITTLE BOY BLUE.
QUEEN-OF-HEARTS.
RED RIDINGHOOD.
BABES IN THE WOOD.
JACK HORNER.
KING COLE.
LITTLE BO-PEEP.
JACK AND JILL.
CINDERELLA.
PRINCE.
DAME TROT.
MOTHER HUBBARD.
MRS. BELLS-ON-TOES.
FIDDLERS THREE.

OLD WOMAN-IN-SHOE AND CHILDREN.
FROG-WHO-WOULD-A-WOOING-GO.

COSTUMES.

Familiar Mother Goose costumes.

SUGGESTIONS.

The various gifts should be placed where Santa can reach them handily.

Characters, after receiving presents, should group themselves in background, as size of stage and convenience dictate. If a curtain is used it rises on Mother Goose and Santa Claus comfortably seated. If not let them come on the stage and seat themselves.

SCENE.

Mother G.—Well, Nicolas, I guess everything's ready, so we'll jest rest a bit. I feel real satisfied.

The table looks real nice, an' you can see your face in the pewter platters. The butter come good, an' the bread riz up light, an' the cakes an' pies are beautiful, ef I do say it myself. I never had better luck with the puddin'; an' the goose is just done to a turn—

Santa.—Hold on there, Madam! hold on! I'm afraid I can't wait till the company comes if you keep on. A good Christmas dinner is made to be eaten, and you can't be beat for getting one up.

Mother G.—I'll git you a bite ef you feel as ef you couldn't wait. Is my cap on straight an' my hair nice an' smooth?

Santa.—You're as neat as a pin, and as sharp and bright.

Mother G.—Law, Nicolas, how you do go on. *(Knock at door.)* Well, I'm glad some one's early. I always like to see folks on hand fer their meals. [*Mother G. opens door. Enter Old Woman-Who-Lives-in-a-Shoe, flourishing a bunch of switches and driving a group of small children before her. One or two little tots hang on to her skirts. Children jump and dodge, as she hits them, rub knuckles in eyes, wipe eyes with aprons, make faces at her, etc.*]

Mother G.—Well, ef here ain't the "Old Woman-Who-Lives-in-a-Shoe and has so many children she don't know what to do!" Walk right in, you poor creeter you. Walk right in, you poor little dears. We're just as "delighted to see you" as President Roosevelt would be.

Santa (Shaking hands with Old Woman and children.)—How do you do, my good woman? How do

you do, my dears? Bless your little hearts! "I'm delighted to see you!" Old Santa has a surprise for you. He's going to give every one just what they ask for; then everyone will be suited.

Mother G.—Leastwise they'd *ought* to be.

Children.—I want some candy! So do I! So do I! So do I!

Old Woman.—Shet right up, you sassy little things you. I hope you'll overlook it in 'em, sir. When a woman has so many to do fer she hain't much time fer teachin' manners. By the time she gits their faces washed an' their hair combed an' the bakin' an' mendin' done she's clear tuckered out. My last bakin' didn't last no time; an' if you'll kindly give me a few loaves of bread an' a jug of merlasses I'll be much obleeged.

Santa.—Certainly, my dear madam, certainly. Just have them sit down, somewhere, and we will give them something that will make their eyes shine.

Mother G.—Come right over here, dearies. [*Mother G. leads way. Children follow, rushing, scrambling, and falling down. Old Woman switches.*]

Old Woman.—Now don't behave like a passel of wild Injuns. I did hope you'd have a few manners when you was away from hum.

Mother G.—Children will be children, sister. [*Mother G. and Old Woman seat children. Santa gives children candy, and loaves of bread and jug of molasses to Old Woman. Children eat candy. Old Woman cuts bread and spreads with molasses. Children gaze, open-mouthed, at new arrivals,*

nudge each other, giggle, etc. Old Woman administers correction; takes one or two across knee and spanks with slipper. Keep up amusing pantomime. Sound of horn outside. Mother G. opens door. Enter Little Boy Blue.]

Mother G.—Bless your dear heart! Ain't this my little Boy Blue?

Boy Blue.—Yes, mom. I *blew* my horn.

Mother G.—He, he, he! Not the only one who blows their own horn.

Santa (Shaking hands.)—Glad to see you, my fine little lad. And what would you like for a Christmas present, to-day.

Boy Blue.—If you please, Mr. Santa, I'd like a nice pillow to put under my head. The hay seed is always getting in my hair.

Santa.—Boys often have worse things than hay seed in their heads now-a-days, son. However, every one is to have just what they ask for to-day. [*Gives pillow to Boy Blue, who settles himself for nap. Shoe children tickle him with straws. He slaps at them, sits up, rubs eyes, blows horn and goes to sleep again. Repeat. Old Woman catches Shoe children and switches them. Mother G. answers knock at door. Enter Queen-of-Hearts.*]

Mother G.—Sakes alive! if it ain't the Queen-of-Hearts. Walk right in, your Majesty. We give you a *hearty* welcome.

Queen-of-Hearts.—Thank you, dear Mother Goose.

Santa.—Welcome, fair queen. If Santa wasn't such an old fellow you'd soon be wearing another

heart on your sleeve. For what is our lovely queen wishing this merry Christmas time?

Queen-of-Hearts.—I hear that you have just published a Mother Goose Cook Book. I'd be delighted to have one. I want to try her recipe for making tarts.

Santa (Presenting her with book.)—If any one could beat the Queen-of-Hearts at making tarts it would be Mother Goose. I wouldn't like to decide between you.

Mother G.—Maybe you wouldn't find it so hard to do ef one of us was away.

Santa (Aside, winking.)—Don't she understand a fellow?

Mother G.—Step right over to my kitchen table. You'll find all the ingregents an' every thing handy an' clean, ef I do say it myself.

Queen-of-Hearts.—Thank you.

[*Mother G. answers rap at door. Queen-of-Hearts seats herself and reads cook book. Then busies herself with baking utensils. Shoe children show interest. Enter Frog-Who-Would-a-Wooing-Go.*]

Mother G.—Dearie me! Come right in. Ain't you most froze?

Frog.—Yes, mom; I'm cold as a frog.

Santa.—Well, well, little man! Isn't this a cold day for you to be out?

Frog (Laying hand on heart.)—My heart is warm, sir. As I lay, in the torpor of despair, I heard it whispered that Santa Claus was giving every one

their heart's desire. Give unto me a sweet song to sing when I go a-wooing.

Santa.—Well, well, sonny; sorry to say that's out of my line. If you'd asked for a drum, or a horn, or a jewsharp, or mouth organ, I'd have been all right. But here's Mother Goose, the Queen of Song, she'll give you one that would melt a frozen heart.

Mother G.—Love songs ain't jist in my line, but I reckon I might make one up for the poor leetle creeter. I'll line it fer you, like Parson Goodwin used to, an' you sing it arter me. [*Mother G. sings, in thin, quavering voice. Air: Captain Jinks: "A gallant Frog has come to woo."*]

Frog (With hoarse voice and great effort.)—Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo——

Mother G.—You've caught the tune middlin' good, but you don't seem to catch the words. Let's try the second line: "His velvet coat is green an' new."

Frog.—Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo—

Mother G.—Dearie me! That ain't much better, as I can see. Try this line: "His eyes are full of love for you."

Frog.—Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo—

Mother G.—Land sakes! Well, try the last line: "An' his collar right in fashion."

Frog.—Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-ash-un.

Mother G.—Well, I think you can manage the tune, but the words will need considerbul studyin'. I'll write em down fer you.

[*Mother G. writes. Frog seems exhausted. Wipes face with red handkerchief.*]

Santa.—Don't be discouraged, son. That's a *beautiful* song; enough to melt the coldest heart.

[*Mother G. gives Frog paper. He studies diligently, wipes face and occasionally hums: "Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-choo," or "Ker-chug, ker-chug, ker-ash-un." Ringing of bells at door. Mother G. opens it.*]

Mother G.—Walk right in, Mrs. Bells-on-Her-Toes. I thought that was you a ringin'.

Santa (Gallantly.)—Glad to meet the belle of the party. Have you an ungratified Christmas wish?

Mrs. B. (Wiping eyes.)—Alas! my faithful old white horse is dead. Could you, possibly, find me another?

Santa.—Certainly, certainly. I have one that will just suit you. Step this way. *(Draws rocking horse from scenes.)* Here's just the thing. Warranted not to kick or run away; easy as a rocking chair. A woman or child can manage him. [*Santa assists Mrs. B. to mount. She rocks. Knock at door. Mother G. answers it.*]

Mother G.—Well, I do say! Walk right in, dearies. [*Enter Little Red Ridinghood, Babes-in-the-Wood, Jack Horner, Little Bo-Peep and Jack and Jill.*]

Santa.—Well, well, bless my heart! What a fine lot of children. "I'm delighted to see you." And what would you like for a Christmas present?

Jack.—Jill and I would like a new pail. Our old one got broken when we fell down hill.

Santa.—That was a sad accident. I read an account of it at the time. Here's one that I warrant

not to break. [*Gives pail to Jack. Jack and Jill sit on inverted pail, Jack putting arm around Jill.*]

Bo-Peep.—Dear Santa, could you give me some new coats for my sheep? Some heartless wretch has sheared them and the poor dears are just shivering.

Santa.—I'm dreadful sorry, dear, but my coats are not "warranted to be all wool." But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a bottle of hair restorer. You just follow directions and they'll soon have fine new coats of their own. [*Bo-Peep reads directions. Shoe child steals her crook.*]

Red Ridinghood.—Please, could you give me something good for grandma to eat? She's sick.

Mother G.—Just run over to the Queen-of-Hearts, honey. She's bakin' tarts an' I know she'd admire to send some to your grandma. [*Queen-of-Hearts fills basket and gives Red Ridinghood one for herself. She eats.*]

Babes-in-the-Wood.—We're the Babes-in-the-Wood. Will you please give us a blanket to cover us up with? The leaves keep blowing off.

Santa.—You poor, dear babies, you! Here's something that will keep you nice and warm. [*Gives small blanket.*]

Mother G.—Come this way, darlings. *(Wraps them in blanket.)* There, ain't that comfortable? [*Babes fall asleep. Shoe child pulls off blanket.*]

Santa.—And what would Master Jack Horner like?

Jack H.—If you please, sir, I'd like a fat mince

pie, chock-full of plums. and a silver fork to pick 'em out with.

Shoe Child.—Gimme one, too!

Old Woman.—Shet up! Eat your bread an' 'lasses. [*Jack seats himself in corner, eats, pulls out and holds up plums. Mother G. answers knock at door.*]

Mother G.—Walk right in, Cinderella. I'm glad to see you lookin' so well an' wearin' a pretty dress.

Santa.—And what does pretty Cinderella want to make her Christmas merry?

Cinderella.—Please, sir, have you any glass slippers? I've lost one of mine.

Santa.—Indeed, I have, and just a fit for your little feet. [*Gives pair of white slippers. In meantime Mother G. has admitted the Prince and now brings him forward.*]

Mother G.—An' here is some one who will make your Christmas merrier yet. [*Cinderella looks down, bashfully. Prince leads her aside, kneels and puts slippers on Cinderella's feet. Mother G. answers knock.*]

Mother G.—Come right in to the fire, Dame Trot. This cold weather must be powerful hard on your rheumatiz.

Dame T.—Yes, *dretful* hard.

Santa.—How do you do, Dame Trot? I'm always glad to meet old friends. And what can I do for you to-day?

Dame T.—I was a wonderin', Nicolas, if you couldn't give me somethin' fer my rheumatiz?

Santa.—I believe I have just the thing. Dr. Quack's Rheumatic Exterminator. Try a bottle of it.

Dame T.—Thank you, Nicolas. You'd ought to a been a doctor. [*Mother G. answers knock. Dame T. hobbles away, opens bottle and rubs hands, setting bottle on floor beside her. Shoe child tips it over. Dame T. hits child with cane.*]

Mother G.—Well, ef this ain't Mother Hubbard! I hain't seen you fer a long spell.

Santa.—Another old friend. Glad to see you, glad to see you. And what would you like best, to-day?

Mother H.—If it's all the same to you, I'd like a lot of bones, for my dog.

Santa.—Ha, ha, ha! a *bonus,* eh?

Mother G.—You jest wait till arfter dinner an' there'll be any amount of nice fresh ones.

Mother H.—Thank you, sister. You allus was a thoughtful critter.

Santa.—What she can't think of isn't worth thinking of. [*Sound of fiddles outside. Mother G. goes to door. Mother H. knits. Enter King Cole and Fiddlers Three.*]

Mother G.—Well, ef here ain't King Cole, the jolly old soul, an' his three fiddlers. *(Shakes hands.)* Jest in time. I know the company would be divarsified with a leetle music.

Santa (Shaking hands.)—Here's a royal welcome for jolly King Cole and his celebrated musicians. Can I do anything to make you more fat and jolly?

King C. (Bowing gallantly to Mother G.)—I'll take dinner with Mother Goose, for the first, and I'd

feel jollier if these three rascals had new fiddles. Discords in the family sort of hinder dijistion. Play a little and let Nicolas see if they ain't about worn out. [*Fiddlers make discordant sounds on violins. Santa puts fingers in ears. Children are frightened.*]

Santa.—Hold on! hold on! It will do my heart good to relieve so distressing a case. [*Santa gives violins to fiddlers. They take off old hats and bow, then draw bows across strings producing sweet sounds.*]

Santa.—That's fine!

King C. (Flourishing pipe.)—Harmony is restored!

Mother G.—They might jest play, a leetle, while the company is walkin' out to dinner. Come on. Dinner's all ready an' waitin'.

[*They march off stage, Santa and Mother G. leading and Old Woman bringing up the rear, driving Shoe children before her. If desired they might go through with the evolutions of a march before passing off.*]

—Harriet D. Castle.

MAKING SCHOOL PLEASANT

"D'ye know, Misther O'Rafferty, I'm a good bit taken wid this idee of makin' th' schools as plisint as ye can for the childher."

"So am I; so am I," responded O'Rafferty, as he adjusted the ashes in his dudheen with the tip of one little finger, "but it dipinds, Misther O'Hoolihan, on what ye call plisint.

"Now, whin I was a bit of a lad I didn't nade a-any curri-cu-lum to tell me what the ould masther mint whin he said: 'Pathrick O'Rafferty, if y'll be pleased to stip up furninst this desk of mine I'll indiver to make it plisint for ye.'

"An' whin I wint up an' accipted what was handed me, I ra-solved that whin I got big enough to vote I'd throw all th' power of me in-floo-ence on the side of elictive shtudies. Ye see, O'Hoolihan, we had no choice in them days. Th' boord laid down the coorses for us, an' the tacher laid on whativer ilse he found handy an' could move.''

"But don't ye belave in stickin' t' th' three Rs?" inquired O'Hoolihan.

"Bedad an' I do, an' I'm thinkin' it wouldn't hurt a great deal to make it the four Rs—readin', 'ritin', 'rithmitic an' roddin'. Though, as I say, mebby the fourth R should be made elictive—wid the a-ccint on the sicond syllable.

"If th' whole object of iddication is, as the poet says, to make the school a joy foriver, t' cut out th' 'boresome an' disagreeable' things, I think I could

frame up a curri-cu-lum that would force ye t' lick a lad t' make him play hookey.

"'Beginnin' wid th' nixt term,' it would run, 'there'll be no set rules for doin' a-anything in this school. Those intindin' t' favor us wid their prisince will please sind in a list of at most three things that it would delight thim to git a little information on. For Childher livin' more nor four blocks from th' school auti-mo-beels will be furnished free by th' board. School hours will be from tin t' 'ilivin, an' from two till three ivery week day ixcept Choosdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. There'll be an intermission of thirty minutes durin' th' mornin' session, durin' which ice cream an' cake will be sarved in the school parlors. The long vacation will ixtind from the first of March to th' thirty-first of September each school year. Our motto: "The chief purpose of iddication is to tickle th' kids.' "

"If yer goin' to ixthract from school life all that's 'boresome an' disagreeable,' O'Hoolihan, I don't see how ye can dodge acceptin' my curri-cu-lum. For unless there's been a big change in the boys and girls since I wint t' th' ould log house, that's about what th' kids of to-day would call 'makin' it plisint' for thim.

"Don't force the childher t' do a-anything. Let thim pick out what they like, what's aisy and delightful for thim. Ivery thing in a dimocracy should be ilictive—even punishment.

"Thrain a child in this way, an', as ould Solomon says, whin he grows up he won't be far from it."

—*McE.*

TABLEAUX

Risen.

Have a wide, deep doorway representing entrance to tomb. Three women are grouped at the door. One standing just within doorway, one hand grasping the casing and the other raised to side of head. Second figure kneels beside first with hands clasped tightly just beneath chin: side view. Third figure kneels, still lower, at other side of entrance, peering in, presenting back of head. She is a little farther out, resting the hand toward the tomb on a large stone. She carries a shallow bowl under the other arm. All are clothed in loose raiment and have draperies over the head. Within the opening is the figure of an angel—a young man. Darken the outer room and burn red light back of doorway.

Christmas Fairies.

Tableau Vivant.

If you have woodland scenery use it. Very small girls, in white. Skirts very short and full; long white hose; small wings. Sprinkle with silver glitter. Fairies trip in circle, to soft music.

Burn red light.

After Commencement

Young girl, in fancy costume, carrying baskets and bouquets of flowers. She is accompanied by her father, who carries a light, fancy wrap, also flowers. Young girl's face expresses animation and pleasure; father's, pride and affection.

The Druids.

Use stage scenery representing forest if possible. Group of Druid Priests in flowing white robes. Kneeling figure of young girl in white draperies. Play music, in minors, softly. Burn blue light.

The Missionary Box.

Have a divan with a row of dilapidated dolls leaning against back. The more colored, Chinese, etc., the better. Have a cardboard above them bearing the inscription, in large letters, "The Heathen." A group of little girls are kneeling around and packing a large pasteboard box. Dolls' clothes and toys scattered about in confusion.

—Harriet D. Castle.

HOW TO MAKE COMMENCEMENT SUCCESSFUL

To imagine that the instructor's lot in preparing and carrying out a successful Commencement program is a bed of roses, is a delusion, and as knowledge of the best methods in preparing the student for this important occasion is as necessary as in any other calling, a few suggestions to teachers or others having this work in charge, and the means of removing many of the difficulties that beset the one doing such work, may be found beneficial.

To begin with, the instructor should give some general advice in regard to selection of composition subjects, what subject would in your opinion prove of most interest, why others would not, etc. The topics themselves should, however, be left to the choice of the pupils, lest some get subjects in which they feel no interest and therefore of which they can make no success. Once they have chosen their subjects and written their essays, you should encourage them in their work, by being free and patient with your criticisms and charitable with your help. Let them rewrite until they have their essays in correct shape.

Now the graduate is ready to commit his oration to memory. Before so doing, you should take each pupil separately, go over his subject matter with him carefully, explaining as you go along the need and place for emphasis, inflection and rhetorical pauses. Upon every one should be impressed the importance of memorizing his lines perfectly. It is the best to do away with prompting altogether.

When this has been done, you are ready for individual rehearsals, of which each pupil should receive several. Call attention to defects in position, voice, etc., and when you criticise do so in a kind and courteous way

so as not to injure the feelings of the pupil, but to inspire in him an ambition to improve. Mention, also credit wherever you observe any improvement, and commend the pupil on his progress.

If the programs during the year be entirely in the hands of the President of the class and his assistant officers, under the overwatchful eye of the teacher (to keep the programs up to the standard of excellence), there will be need of but one full rehearsal, for young people soon adapt themselves to surroundings. If this method is pursued the bashful boy and girl gain assurance and will be able to take their place on the stage at the close of the year. But, if on the other hand the teacher alone has had charge of these exercises, it will be necessary to hold several class rehearsals, and may be found desirable to have the class offer suggestions and criticisms. These, of course, must be clothed in the kindest spirits, otherwise more harm than good will come of them. At the last rehearsal all pupils should be required to be on hand at an appointed hour, and the order of the program should be followed as though the regular exercises were being performed.

A few heart-to-heart talks between yourself and the pupils may prove of great value. Decide on class motto, class colors, invitations, programs, decorations and whatever else may be needed; impress upon them the importance of learning their parts, and that this occasion is considered a memorable event by their friends and the community in general, and therefore the desirability of making a creditable showing, the necessity of keeping in good physical condition, etc.

Commencement day should be a day of rest preparatory to the exercises in the evening. All school duties, rehearsals, class meetings, etc., should be abandoned. The class should be assembled and in readiness about half an hour before the time to begin the program. See that ample accommodations, good ventilation, etc., are

provided for the audience. And as the fateful hour approaches be calm and cheerful, and you will have better success. Remember that nervousness is contagious, and surely you wouldn't want to spread the disease among your class. As the comfort of the audience has been assured, and all else is in perfect order, keep your mind on the Commencement Exercises and that alone.

These are simple suggestions—almost too simple it may seem, to put on paper. Yet, I am sure, from observation and experience that there is a great deal of help in them; and if they are followed with such others as may have proved helpful, many of the trials attendant upon Commencement may be avoided and a successful program assured.

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